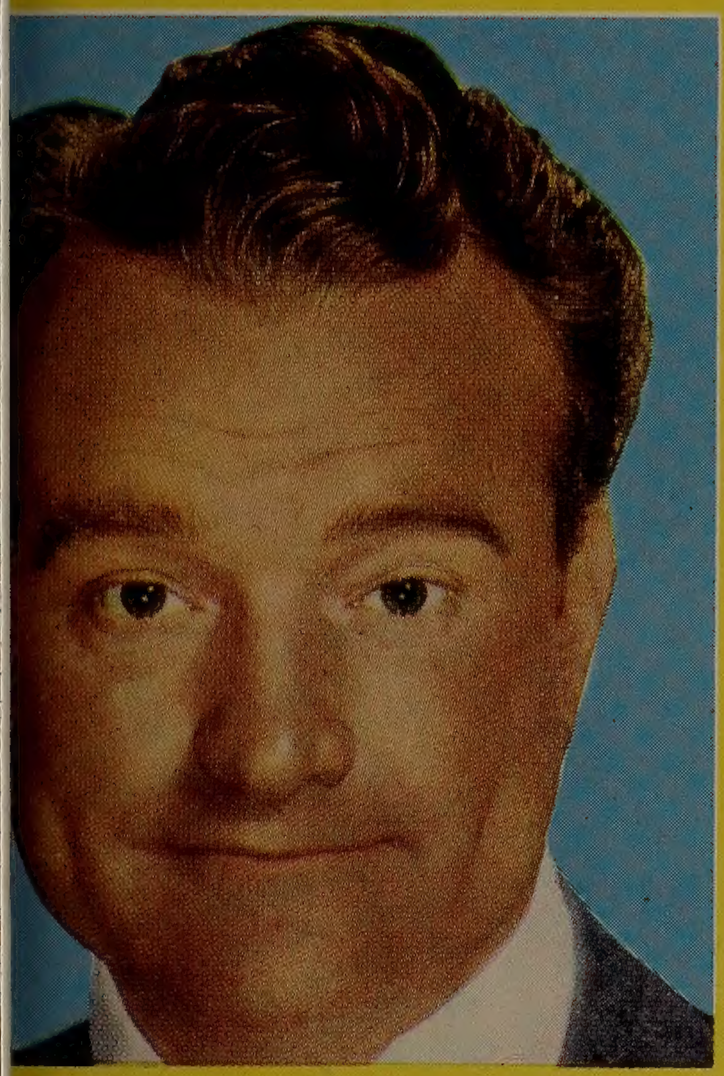
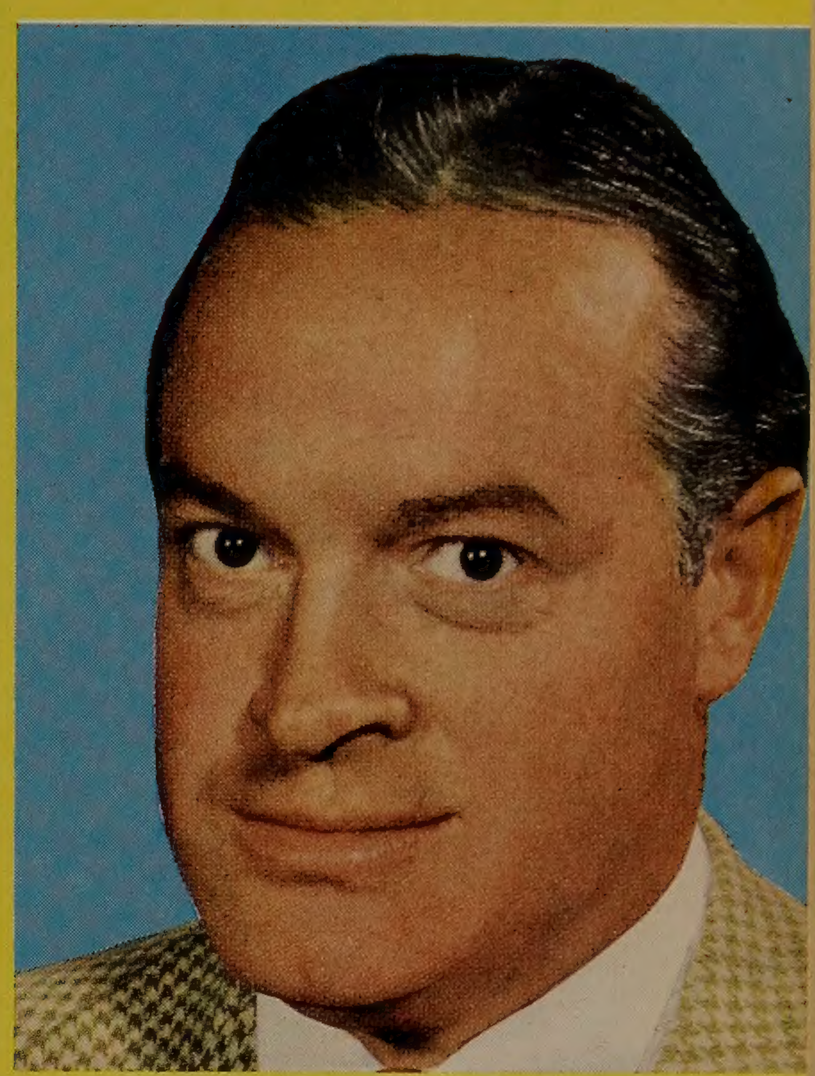
RADIO-TV MIRROR

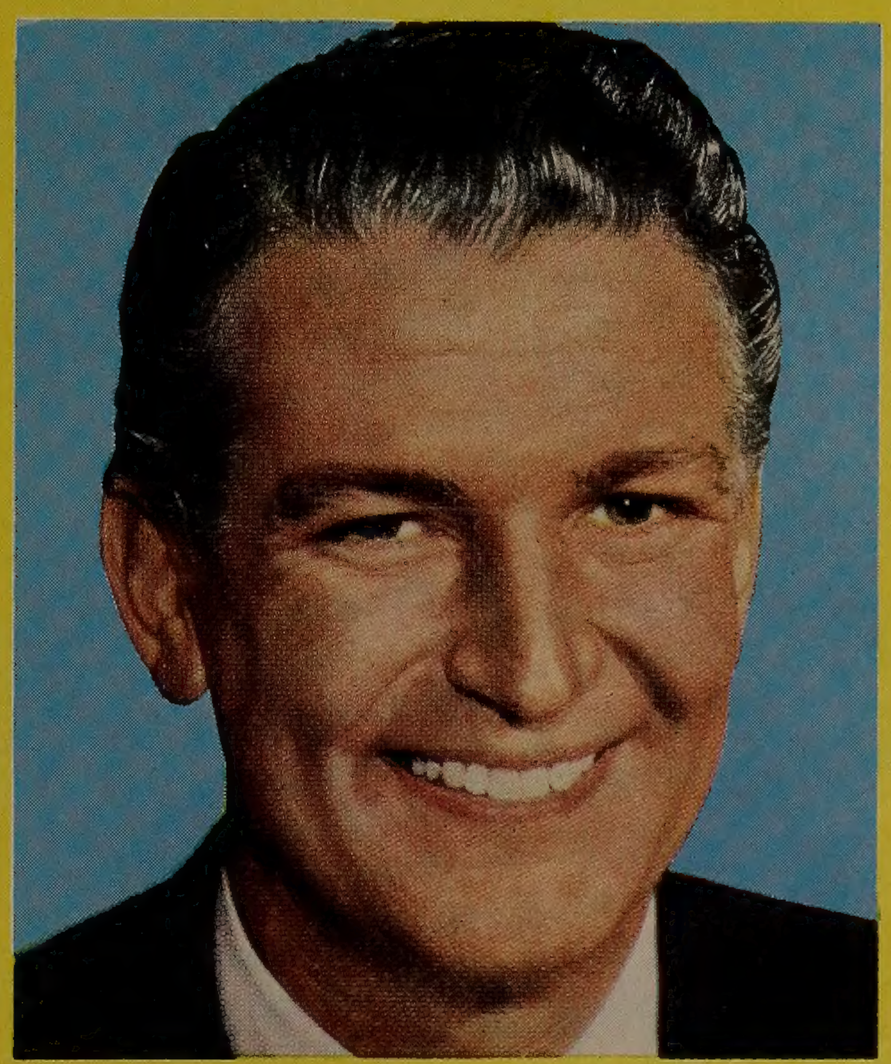
Two Magazines in One

November

N. Y. AREA TV PROGRAM LISTINGS







SPECIAL ISSUE

NBC

25TH ANNIVERSARY

JUBILEE CONTEST—WIN A WEEKEND IN N.Y.!

All Your NBC Radio-TV Favorites: Eddie Cantor · Bob Hope · James Melton · The Right to Happiness · Front Page Farrell · Welcome Travelers · Dragnet

25¢

Beautiful Hair

B R E C K

THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

Each of the three Breck Shampoos is made for a different hair condition. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. When you buy a shampoo, ask for the correct Breck Shampoo for your hair. A Breck Shampoo will leave your hair clean, fragrant and lustrous.

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops and wherever cosmetics are sold.

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NEW YORK · SAN FRANCISCO · OTTAWA CANADA

Tomorrow's Glamour Girl? . . . *maybe!*

You naturally want her to grow up to be attractive and sought-after, you hope she will meet nice boys and marry one of them. Of course you do.

When she's a little older you will encourage her to guard her charm and daintiness . . . you will, of course, see to it that, above all, her breath is sweet and wholesome. For, without such appealing freshness, her other good points may count for little.

Her best friend in this matter is Listerine Antiseptic. It has been a family standby for more than sixty years. Literally millions rely on it as the *extra-careful* precaution against halitosis (unpleasant breath). A night-and-morning "must" against offending and especially before any date.

You see, Listerine Antiseptic instantly freshens and sweetens the breath . . . and keeps it that way . . . not for mere minutes . . . but for hours, usually.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

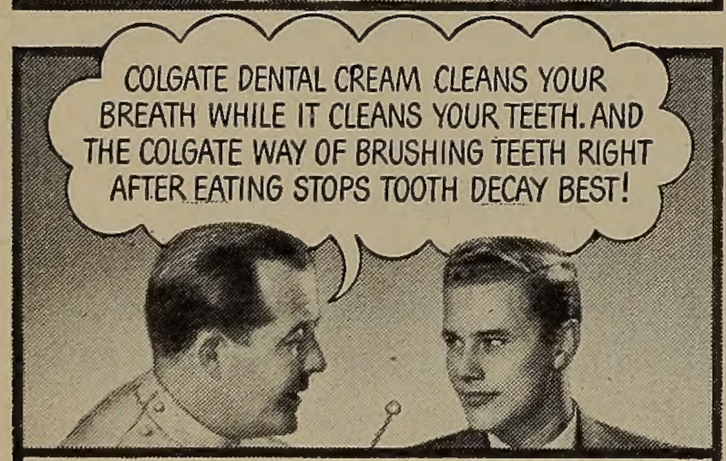
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

Gargle

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

TO KEEP THAT BREATHLESS CHARM

R
M



READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, offers such conclusive proof!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

***YOU SHOULD KNOW!** While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the **only** toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

NOVEMBER, 1951 RADIO-TV MIRROR VOL. 36, NO. 6

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Doris McFerran, *Editor;* Jack Zasorin, *Art Director;* Matt Basile, *Art Editor;* Marie Haller, *Assistant Editor;* Frances Kish, *Television Assistant;* Dorothy Brand, *Editorial Assistant;* Esther Foley, *Home Service Director;* Helen Cambria Bolstad, *Chicago Editor;* Lyle Rooks, *Hollywood Editor;* Frances Morrin, *Hollywood Assistant Editor;* Hymie Fink, *Staff Photographer;* Betty Jo Rice, *Assistant Photographer*

Fred R. Sammis, *Editor-in-Chief*

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y., average net paid circulation 470,024 for 6 months ending June 30, 1950.
EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial Branch Offices: 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif., and 221 North LaSalle Street, Chicago, Ill. Harold A. Wise, President; James L. Mitchell and Fred R. Sammis, Vice Presidents; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising offices also in Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, and Los Angeles.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $2.50 one year, U. S. and Possessions, and Canada. $5.00 per year for all other countries.
CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil impression address from a recent issue. Address changes can be made only if you send us your old as well as your new address. Write to Radio-TV Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage and will be carefully considered, but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or injury.
FOREIGN editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Douglas Lockhart, Vice President.
Re-entered as Second Class Matter Feb. 13, 1951, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as Second Class mail, P.O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Copyright 1951 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados segun La Convencion Pan-Americana de Propiedad Literaria y Artistica. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Co.
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"Baby Blue Eyes"

MIRACLE SKIN DOLL

with Unbreakable Plastic Head

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SHE SLEEPS!
SHE CRIES!
SHE SITS UP!

Included!
VANITY SET, CURLERS and Hair Style Booklet

Brush, comb, mirror and curlers that will give hours of fascinating, creative and instructive play to any lucky little girl.

Look at These Features:

"Baby Blue Eyes" is 19 inches tall, the size of a real baby. She has rosy cheeks, cute Cupid's bow mouth and real eyelashes over big beautiful blue eyes. Arms, legs andhead are movable so she can sit up and assume life-like poses . . . and even call her mommy.

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SHE SLEEPS. Her lovely eyes close when she lies down. Her plump angelic face and "real-life" looking Saran hair will thrill any little girl

SHE CRIES. Bend her and she cries just like a real baby who wants her mommy.

SOFT SKIN FEELS REAL! Miracle Skin latex is soft to touch and easy to clean—just wipe with a damp cloth.

UNBREAKABLE PLASTIC HEAD. "Baby Blue Eyes" head is plastic so it won't break. Same type of head used on dolls costing $25.00 and more.

CUSTOM WARDROBE. "Baby Blue Eyes" is all dressed up in a lace-trimmed flared ninon or organdy dress, rubber panties, white socks and booties.

AMAZINGLY LIFE-LIKE! So perfectly molded that her hands and feet are life-like. Arms and legs are enchantingly dimpled.

She's like a REAL baby—She's a REAL bargain!

MAGIC HAIR!

SHE SLEEPS!

SHE CRIES!

SOFT SKIN FEELS REAL!

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BIG as a baby

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SEND NO MONEY

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Rush amazing "Baby Blue Eyes" doll with Saran hair and Miracle Skin, Vanity Set, Curlers and Hair Style Booklet at the special price of $5.95.

Name.....
(please print)
Address.....
City.....Zone....State.....

☐ Send COD plus postage ☐ Send heart-shaped gold finish locket necklace, which will fit doll or little girl only 50c extra.
☐ I enclose $5.95 ☐ I enclose $6.45—include necklace—ship prepaid.

New finer

MUM

more effective longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

•

Never let your dream man down by risking underarm perspiration odor. Stay nice to be near—guard the daintiness he adores this new *finer* Mum way!

Better, longer protection. New Mum with M-3 protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm odor. What's more, it keeps down *future* bacteria growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum.

Softer, creamier new Mum smooths on easily, doesn't cake. Gentle—contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

Even Mum's delicate fragrance is new. And Mum is the *only* leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste, no shrinkage. Get new Mum today!

R M

New MUM cream deodorant

A Product of Bristol-Myers

Information Booth

Ask your questions—
we'll try to find the answers

The Missing Mugs

Dear Editor:

Could you please tell me if Mugs is still with Arthur Godfrey? She has been with him so long that I couldn't imagine his firing her or her quitting.

G. K., Eureka, Kansas

Mugs Richardson did such an excellent job on the Godfrey show that she was offered a chance to do her own show. The offer, however, came from station WTOP in Washington, D. C., and since the Arthur Godfrey Show comes from New York, Mugs can no longer be with them.

Buddy Clark

Dear Editor:

This October marked two years since Buddy Clark passed away and I have watched for his photo for over a year. I hope one hasn't been printed to date. Please let me know when you can print one and I will be deeply grateful.

Miss J. O'L., Prichard, Ala.

We are most happy to print a picture of a great singer—Buddy Clark. The shocking news of his death in a plane crash came in early October, 1949.

The Voice

Dear Editor:

Would you please print a picture of the actor, Ralph Bell, who plays Spencer on Nora Drake, and give us a little information about him. My husband and I both enjoy his voice immensely . . . it just does something to us!

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. N.,
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Here's a picture of the man with the Voice. Ralph Bell was a drama instructor at the University of Michigan when he decided to try his luck at acting. After four months in New York, he landed a job in "What A Life," later appearing in several other Broadway shows, among them, "Native Son." His radio career began in 1939, and he is now doing TV work as well. Ralph and his actress-wife, Pert Kelton, who is well known to both movie and radio fans, have two sons.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR, *205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail —but be sure to attach this box to your letter along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.*

• • •

Buddy Clark

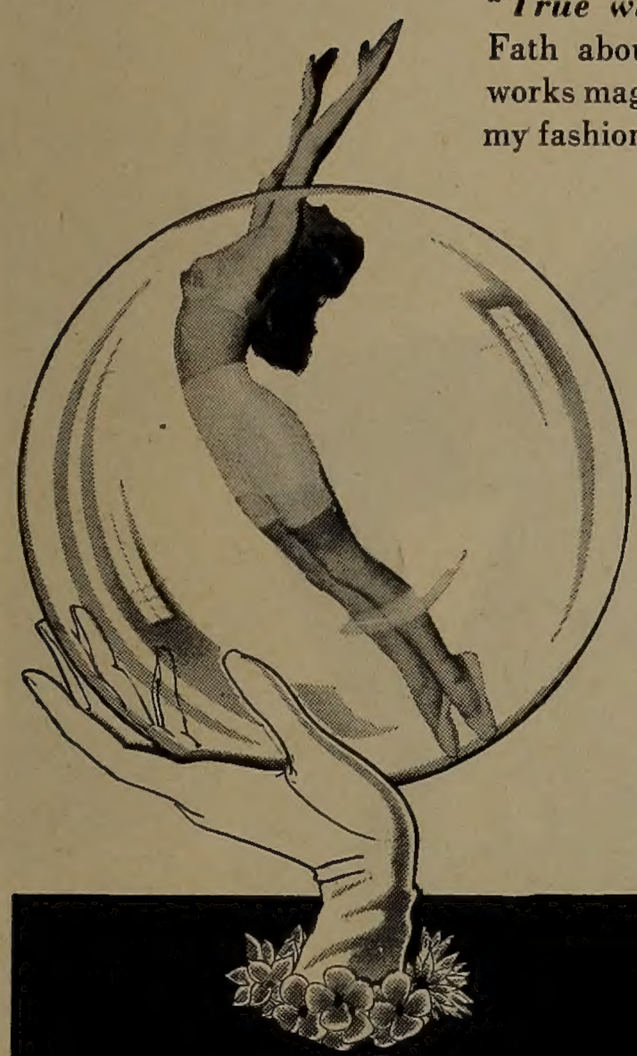
Ralph Bell

• • •

"True wizardry!" exclaims Fath about *White Magic.* "It works magic for your figure and my fashions—just see!"

"Slim curves ahead!" predicts Fath. "That's why you need the Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle—to give you a graceful, slender line!"

Jacques Fath admires a new dress from the collection he designed for Joseph Halpert. "The apron gives it drama, the lines are figure-revealing. No wonder I recommend *only* Playtex!"



"More Fabulous than ever in Invisible White Magic*"

says JACQUES FATH, brilliant Paris designer, about the Newest

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FABRIC-NEXT-TO-YOUR-SKIN

The first new kind of girdle in 11 years is newer than ever in *White Magic.* With all the Playtex figure-slimming power and freedom, it has cloud-soft fabric next to your skin. Without a seam, stitch or bone, it's invisible under slenderest clothes. In SLIM shiny tubes, at department stores and specialty shops, *White Magic,* $5.95 and $6.95. (Other Playtex Girdles in Pink, Blue and White from $3.95.) Slightly higher in Canada and foreign countries.

ON TV . . .

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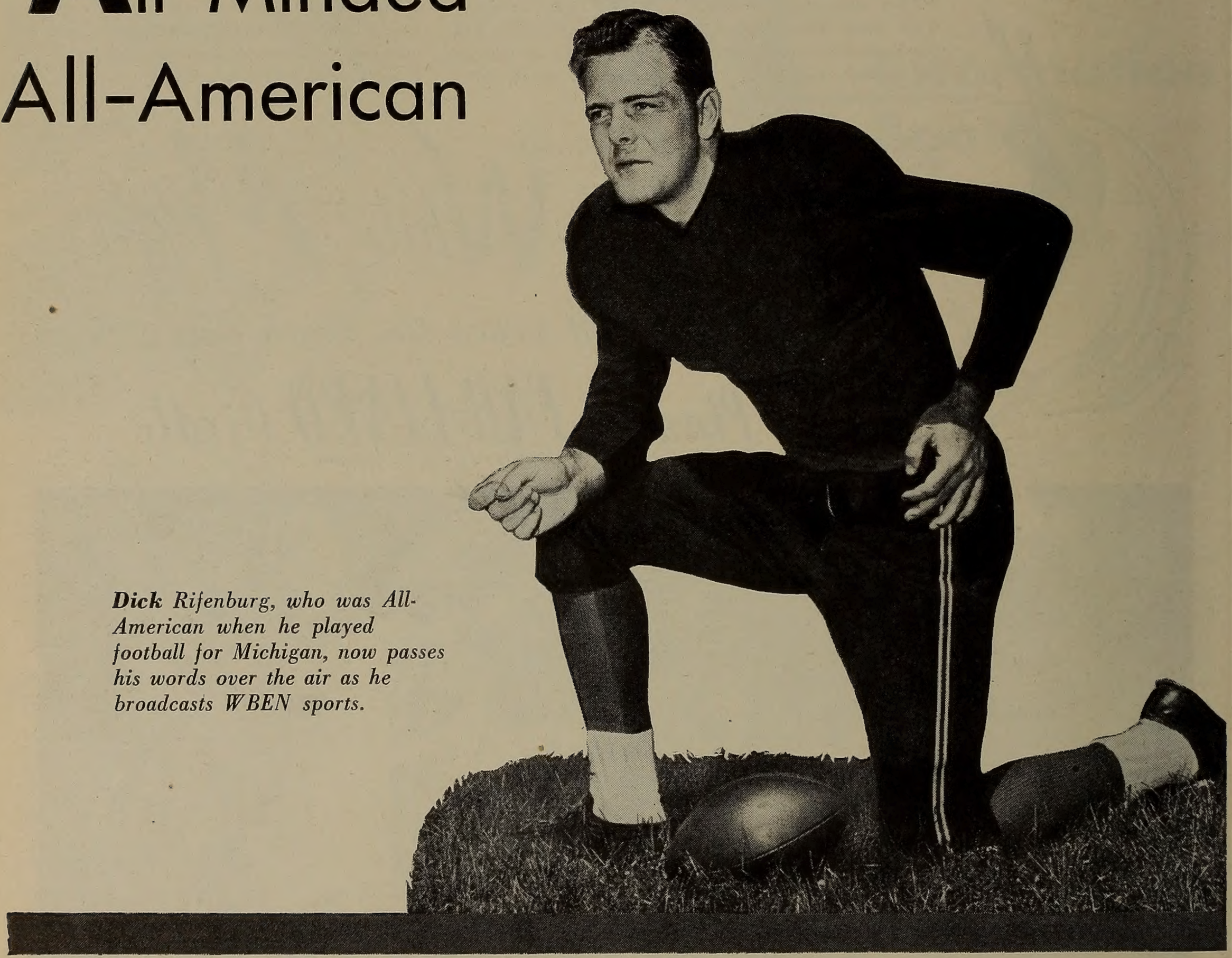
Air-Minded All-American



***Dick** Rifenburg, who was All-American when he played football for Michigan, now passes his words over the air as he broadcasts WBEN sports.*

DICK RIFENBURG, whose passing-catching talents while playing end for Michigan used to thrill thousands of football fans, is still as air-minded as ever. All of which is another way of saying that Rifenburg, Michigan All-American, is a member of the sports announcers' staff at WBEN in Buffalo, where he conducts two daily sportscasts and also makes an occasional appearance on wrestling and other sports telecasts on WBEN-TV.

Rifenburg recently came to WBEN from WJR in Detroit where he handled general announcing assignments and also assisted their two nationally-noted sportscasters, Harry Wismer and Van Patrick.

Dick was a four-letter gridder at Michigan, starring on the Wolverines' unbeaten Western Conference title teams in 1947 and 1948 and also playing a big role in his team's rousing Rose Bowl victory in his All-American year. The next two seasons found him playing pro football with the Detroit Lions.

Towering well over six feet, the twenty-six-year-old sportscaster weighs two hundred pounds and may well be called the "most athletic-looking sportscaster in the business."

During World War II, Rifenburg served several months with the Navy in Guam. He is married to the former Ruth Arlene Martini of Dearborn, Michigan.

Lilt

Only Lilt's Superior Ingredients give such a Superior Wave! You can use the Lilt Refill with any plastic curlers and, for only $1.25*, get a wave far more like Naturally Curly Hair! **Guaranteed by Procter & Gamble!**

A Lilt wave looks lovelier, feels softer, is easier to manage than any other home wave! Only Lilt's superior ingredients give such a superior wave!

No Other Home Permanent Wave

looks...feels...behaves so much like the loveliest

Naturally Curly Hair!

Never before such a gentle, yet effective Waving Lotion!
Never before a wave so easy to manage!
Never before such a natural-looking wave that would last and last!
Never before such assurance of no kinky, frizzy look!

Refill $1.25*
Complete Kit $2.25*
*plus Fed. tax

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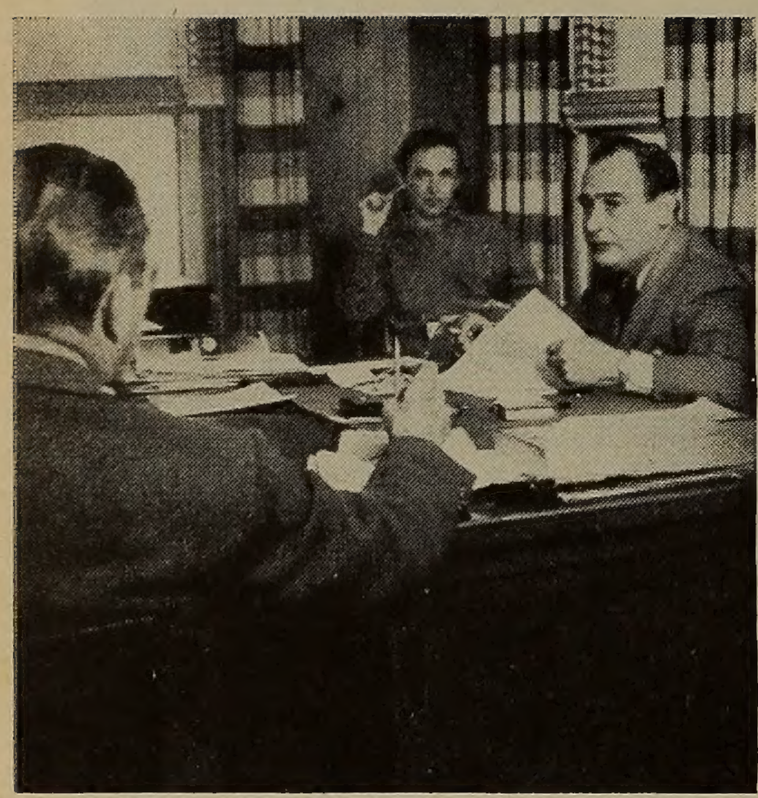
Lilt

Home Permanent

Procter & Gamble's Cream-Oil Cold Wave

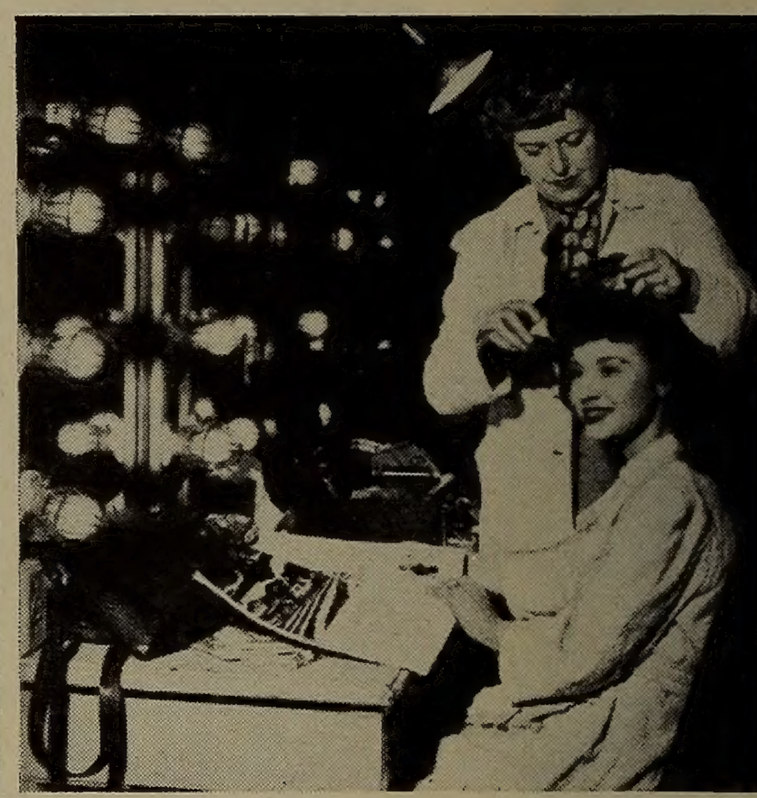
Money-back Guarantee: Both the Lilt Refill and Complete Kit are guaranteed by Procter & Gamble to give you the loveliest, softest, easiest-to-manage Home Permanent wave you've ever had—or your money back!

No big names, no elaborate productions—just



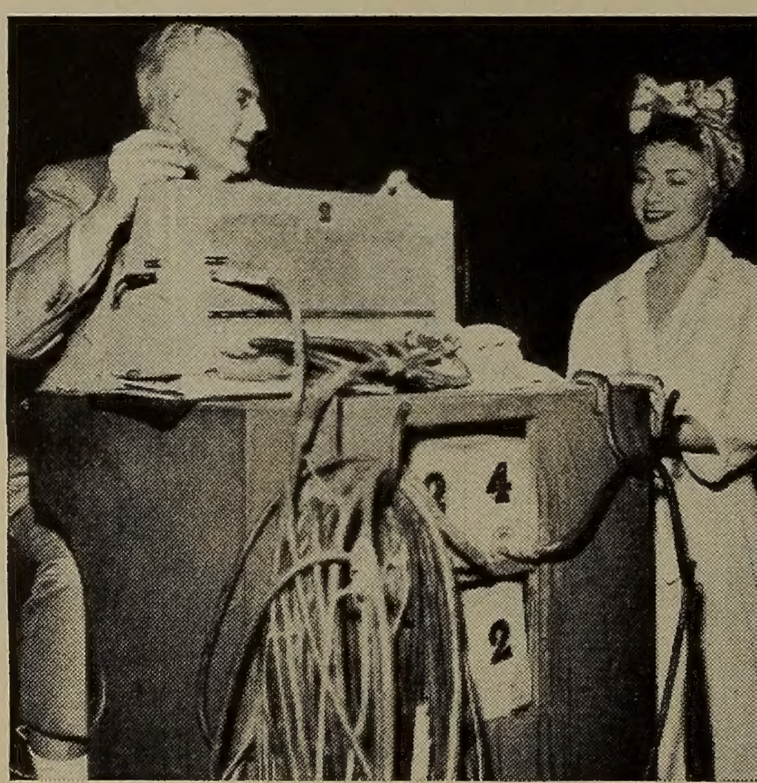
***Brewster** Morgan, Fireside Theater program director, explains his plans for the filming of "A Close Shave" to some of the members of the cast.*

***The** cast gets its script ten days ahead of shooting. After a first, informal reading, when the script takes on life, the rewriting sessions begin.*

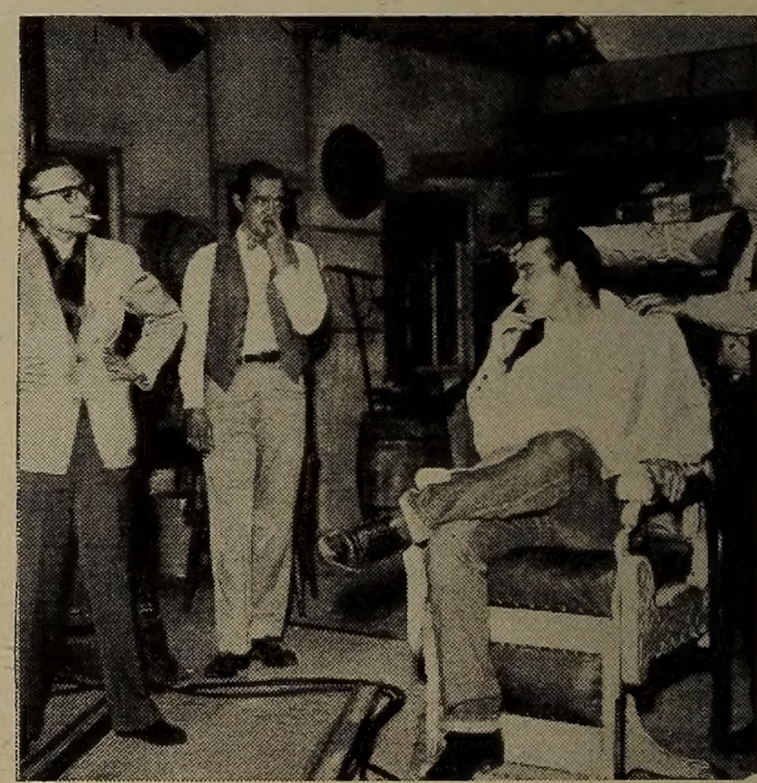


***After** a bare minimum of rehearsals, the production starts. Here, Ginni Jackson, heroine of "A Close Shave," has her hair combed, country style.*

***An** off-stage meeting of sponsor and star. Fireside picks its stars for their ability to work rapidly and under pressure rather than for names.*



***Between** "takes," Ginni gathers some technical information from the sound engineer. The cast works straight through three days of film shooting.*



***Producer-director** Frank Wisbar gives some expert advice. Wisbar started his career in movies, switched to TV. Last year he joined Fireside.*

Fireside theater

good entertainment makes Fireside a family favorite

***During** the shooting, hero James Anderson prepares to meet his fate with "A Close Shave" at the hands of that feuding hillbilly, Tom Powers.*

***Tom** and Ginni pause for coffee between scenes and to discuss the show. Everybody, from sponsor to script girl, helped contribute ideas.*

***Because** the film is produced in so short a time, all repairs must be done right on the set. Ginni's skirt is ironed as she studies her script.*

***It's** a fight to the finish in real mountain style. Fireside varies its scripts each week so that its shows will appeal to the entire family.*

***After** the big fight, a quick combing job so that our heroine will not look too disheveled when the time comes for the final clinch with the hero.*

***Over-all** shot of the Fireside set. Because of budget requirements, sets are planned so that they can be used again with as few changes as possible.*

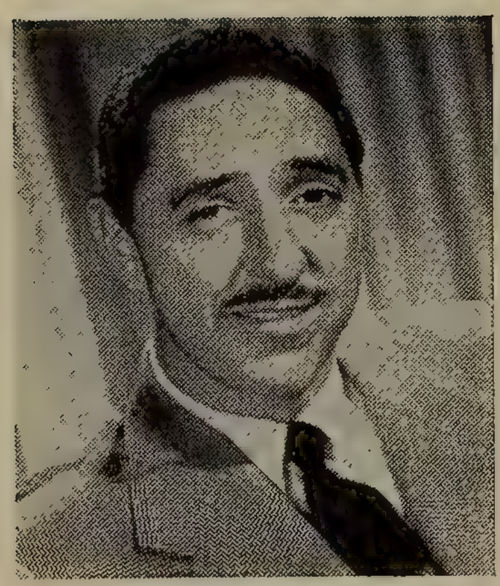
"IF A PLAY is good, we'll use it," could very well be the motto of Fireside Theater—a motto which has given the show one of the top TV ratings. Their stories range anywhere from light comedy to suspense and they are not afraid of a play with a sad ending. But an equally important reason for the show's success is the attitude of its director, Frank Wisbar. Wisbar looks on the organization as a workshop and everybody, from the highest executive to the lowliest secretary actually contributes ideas and suggestions which are often incorporated into production.

Fireside Theater is seen Tuesday, 9:00 P.M. EST, NBC-TV, sponsored by P&G for Crisco, Ivory, Duz.

Special NBC Silver Jubilee Feature

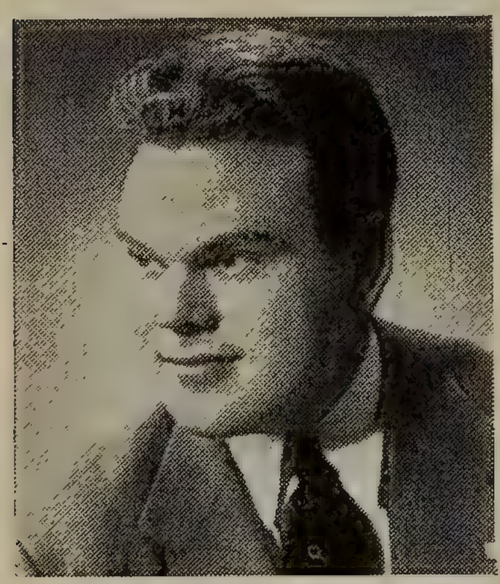
This fall NBC celebrates its Silver Jubilee. See how you rate on these popular NBC shows. Score 1 for each right answer. 13 or higher is excellent; 10 is good; 7 is average; 5 means you've missed a lot of fun!

For 25 years NBC has been the leader in broadcasting. It introduced the first transcontinental pick-up. It introduced to radio its first big fight — the Dempsey-Tunney classic . . . It brought the magnificence of great music, the inspiring lift of fine drama, the tonic of laughter, into the American living-room . . . It brought America approximately a billion dollars worth of entertainment, free . . .



1 He m.c.'s a talent quest called "Live Like A . . ."
(a) Dog *(c) Sultan*
(b) Maharajah *(d) Millionaire*

2 M.C. of "The Big Show," she calls everyone:
(a) angel *(c) old thing*
(b) dearie *(d) dahling*

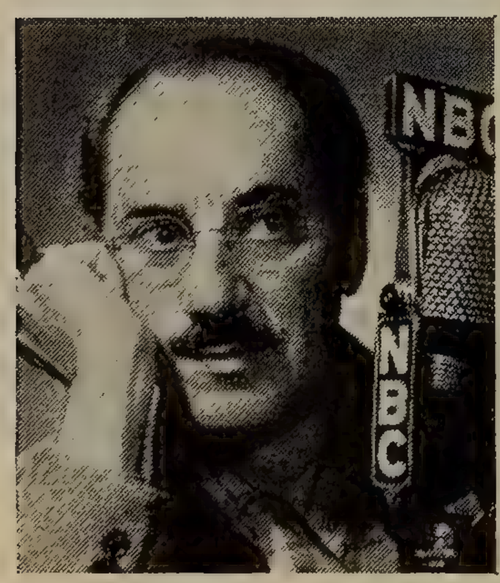


5 His "Welcome Travelers" show features:
(a) travelogues *(c) interviews*
(b) quiz questions *(d) salesmen*

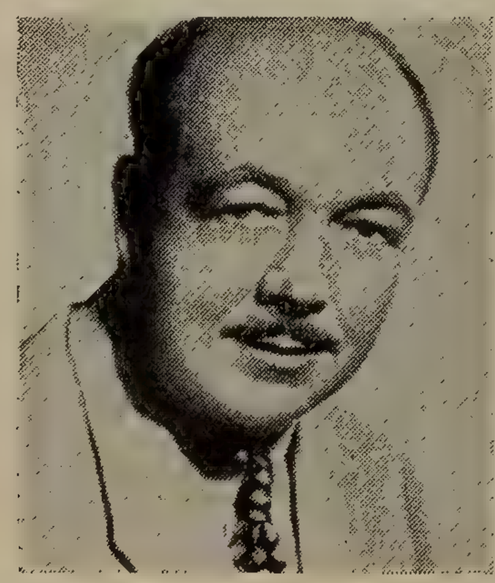
6 On "The Halls of Ivy" he plays:
(a) a college dean *(c) a gardener*
(b) a politician *(d) a college president*

7 Bob Sloane brings the front page to life on: *(a) Headline Highlights*
(b) The Big Story. *(c) Midnight Edition*
(d) Stop the Presses

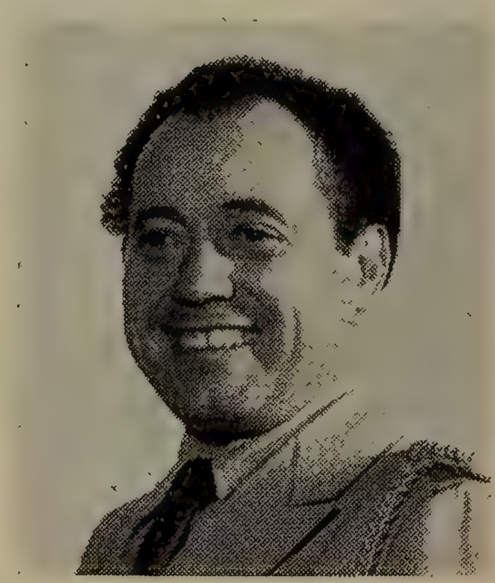
8 Don Wilson of "Hollywood Theatre" is famous as:
(a) a singer *(c) a sportscaster*
(b) a quarterback *(d) an announcer*



13 Groucho ("You Bet Your Life") Marx is famous for:
(a) his bright smile *(c) his harp*
(b) his cigar *(d) his big nose*



14 "Broke" introduces great plays on *(a) Theatre Guild on the Air*
(b) Halls of Ivy *(c) The Big Show*
(d) Screen Directors' Playhouse



15 His Band of America is sponsored by NBC's oldest advertiser:
(a) General Foods *(b) Cities Service*
(c) P & G *(d) General Motors*

16 Wife in hilarious show about family life is:
(a) Stella Dallas *(c) Effie Perrine*
(b) Eva Le Gallienne *(d) Alice Faye*

ANSWERS:

1 (d) Millionaire
2 (d) dahling
3 (d) opera & concert
4 (d) Gildersleeve
5 (c) interviews
6 (d) college president
7 (b) The Big Story
8 (d) an announcer
9 (c) full closets
10 (d) The Railroad Hour
11 (a) original dramas
12 (a) Thursday
13 (b) his cigar
14 (a) Theatre Guild on the Air
15 (b) Cities Service
16 (d) Alice Faye
17 (c) fight crime
18 (b) Jack Zoller
19 (a) Private Eye
20 (a) Cleveland

TUNE IN

THE NATIONAL

NBC Radio Quiz

It made the news rumbling out of Europe and the Pacific not something in another country but something in the next room . . . And it helped bring our government closer to its people than had ever been possible before in all history.

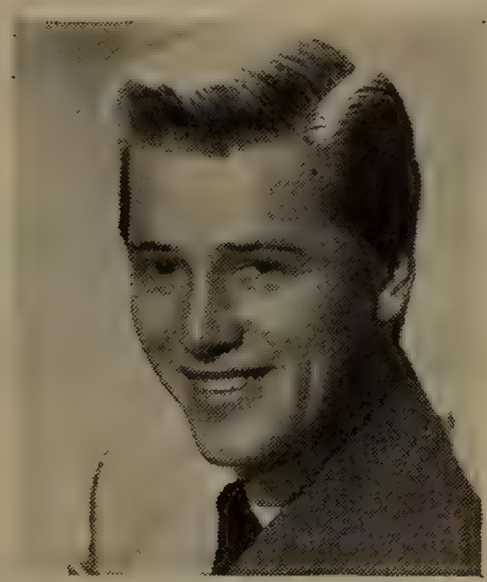
NBC invented network radio. NBC has contributed more to the development of entertainment in the home than any other organization in the world. It's only natural that NBC has the finest shows and the greatest stars.

A quarter century ago, we pledged to give America the best broadcasting in the United States. And that pledge still holds for the quarter century ahead.

3 He conducts The Telephone Hour orchestra, presents stars of:
(a) ice shows (c) Broadway
(b) Hollywood (d) opera & concert

4 He's star of the show called "The Great . . ."
(a) Throckmorton (c) Quattlebaum
(b) Creep (d) Gildersleeve

9 This radio couple is famous for its:
(a) bickering (c) full closets
(b) lovey dovey talk (d) waffles



10 Gordon MacRae sings on:
(a) Welcome Travelers (b) Live Like a Millionaire (c) The Voice of Firestone (d) The Railroad Hour

11 In "Playhouse on Broadway," he presents:
(a) original dramas (c) Broadway characters
(b) ukulele sessions (d) old hits

12 You can hear him on "Your Hit Parade" on:
(a) Thursday (c) Saturday
(b) Friday (d) Sunday

17 In "Big Town," Walter Greaza and friend:
(a) gamble a lot (c) fight crime
(b) go out on the town (d) croon

18 He directs the great Cavalcade of America:
(a) Donald Voorhees (c) Toscanini
(b) Jack Zoller (d) Red Foley

19 Every Sunday, Lloyd Nolan plays Martin Kane—*(a) Private Eye*
(b) Beachcomber (c) Tracer of Lost Persons
(d) Texas Ranger

20 NBC star Bob Hope claims as his home town:
(a) Cleveland (c) Buffalo
(b) Brooklyn (d) Topeka

FOR THE GREATEST SHOWS IN A QUARTER CENTURY

It's the Silver Jubilee on NBC

BROADCASTING COMPANY • A SERVICE OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Junior Mirror

A Story *by Panhandle Pete*

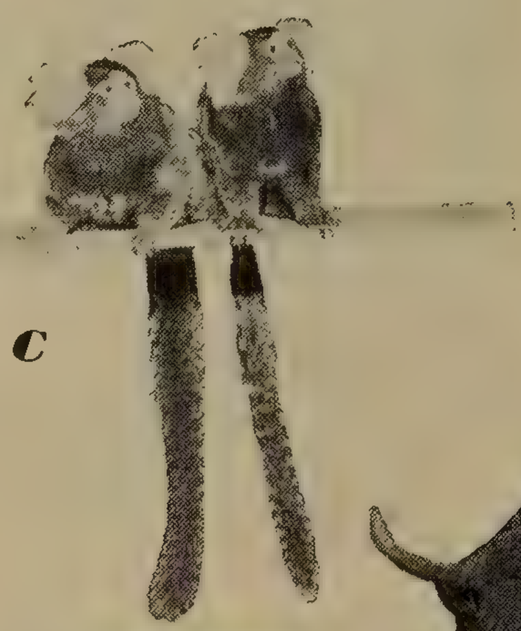
Whenever Miss Jennifer wants to hear a story, I am always willing to oblige. Before I begin though, take a look at the picture up above, so's you'll know who I'm talking about. Over

Zoo Parade Quiz
By R. Marlin Perkins

Hello, there! Here's a little quiz game that should be fun—if you can tell Jim Hurlbut and me from the apes we're holding over there on the other page. Let's start with them: both live largely on fruit, wandering through the

A

D



C

B

E

F

on the left there's Miss Jennifer and me. Then comes Li'l Wigwam, the Indian boy, and his dog, Sitting Pup, who always look for adventure and usually find trouble. Then Rapid Jack Rabbit, the drummer who can sell anything to anyone. Samson and Hercules, the mice. Pancho Chihuahua, the Mexican hairless dog. The two-gunned varmint behind the six-shooters is the Coyote Kid, and to his rear is 'Taint Right, a magician and a swindler. (*Continued on page* 25)

jungle in the daytime and sleeping high in the trees—where they sometimes build tree-nests—at night. Both species in this picture are very intelligent. The one Jim is holding, on the left, has a Malayan name meaning "man of the woods," for he's a big, man-like ape, four to five feet high, found in Sumatra and Borneo. The ape hugging me is usually smaller, has large ears, a flatter head, and is just as playful as the other, has been tamed for exhibit in circuses and zoos for years. Can you tell me the name of (1) Jim's ape? (2) My ape? Now look at picture (A): This one's easy, for he's the horse in striped pajamas or the one behind prison bars. He's found wild in Africa, and though he's horse-like, he's hard to tame. He's smaller than our horse—only four feet or so to the shoulder. What's his name? Now, picture (B): In the Philippines, a species of this fellow's family pulls plows and carts. Other domesticated members of his family are found in Asia. He's distinguished by his black color and his horns, which are short and come together over his forehead. What's his name? Now, picture (C): These two are as pretty and cunning as any animals in the zoo. They're the smallest of the monkey family, about the size of a small kitten—make good pets in South America, but the climate here is too rugged for them except in zoos. What's their name? Now, picture (D): This cute animal sometimes grows no larger than a Springer spaniel, but his tail's very long. He's a member of the kangaroo family, lives in Australia. What's his name? Now, picture (E): Maybe this snooty-looking fellow is staring at us down his nose because he already (*Continued on page* 25)

Beautiful, Heavenly Lips For You WITHOUT LIPSTICK

Adele Mara appearing in "The Sea Hornet" a Republic Picture

And These Newly Luscious Colors Can't Come Off On Anything

Bid "good-bye" to lipstick and see your lips more beautiful than ever before. See them decked in a clear, rich color of your choice—a color more alive than lipstick colors, because—no grease. Yes, this new Liquid Liptone contains no grease—no wax—no paste. Just pure, vibrant color. Truly, Liquid Liptone will bring to your lips color-beauty that's *almost too attractive!*

Makes the Sweetest Kiss Because It Leaves No Mark on Him

Think of it! Not even a tiny bit of your Liquid Liptone leaves your lips for his—or for a napkin or tea-cup. It stays true to *your* lips alone and one make-up usually suffices for an entire day or evening.

Feels Marvelous on Your Lips...

... they stay delightfully soft and smooth.

PLEASE TRY SEVERAL SHADES AT MY INVITATION

You cannot possibly know how beautiful your lips will be, until you see them in Liquid Liptone. These exciting colors that contain no grease or paste give your lips a tempting charm they have never had before. Choose from the list of shades below. Check coupon. Mail it at once and I'll send you costume sizes of all shades you order. Each is at least a two weeks' supply. Expect to be thrilled. You WILL be!

Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association

liquid liptone

SEND COUPON for generous Trial Sizes

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 114-B
2709 S. Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill.

Send Costume Sizes of the shades I checked below. I enclose 25c for each one.

- ☐ Medium—Natural true red—very flattering.
- ☐ Gypsy—Vibrant deep red—ravishing.
- ☐ Regal—Glamorous rich burgundy.
- ☐ Orchid—Exotic pink—romantic for evening.
- ☐ English Tint—Inviting coral-pink.
- ☐ Clear (colorless)—Use over lipstick, smearproofs.
- ☐ CHEEKTONE—"Magic" natural color for cheeks. ☐ 1 English Tint ☐ 2 Coral ☐ 3 Deep Cherry

Miss
Mrs._____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

R
M

Busy but beautiful

Jinx Falkenberg—star of Tex and Jinx and New York Closeup—would rate high on anyone's list of beauty and charm, yet it's harder to find a gal with a tighter time schedule.

BY HARRIET SEGMAN

FROM football games to parties and theatre-going, fun and festivities are decidedly in the air for fall. Perhaps more than at any other time of year, you want to look your prettiest and most well-groomed—often on very short notice.

We're not suggesting that you be the gal with nothing on her mind but her glamour rating. But a little know-how can go farther, we think, than a lot of time.

As exhibit A, we point to Jinx Falkenberg. Her secret is a streamlined routine highlighted by her own special, cover girl brand of beauty tricks.

Before going out, she relaxes in a leisurely bath—a good half-hour soak. But no time-waster—she does her make-up right in the tub! Here's how:

On a mirrored tray, stretched across the tub, she places everything she'll need—face cream, eye-brow tweezers and make-up. First she tweezes her eyebrows, removing any stray hairs. Then she applies cream to her face, arms, back and chest leaving it on for about five minutes. After a brisk scrub, she's ready to make up.

"I take plenty of time with my make-up, so that it will look as though I have none on at all," she laughs. Under her eyes she applies a little foundation to hide any shadows. Next comes powder, which she pats on in four places: under her eyes and the shiny spots on either side of her nose.

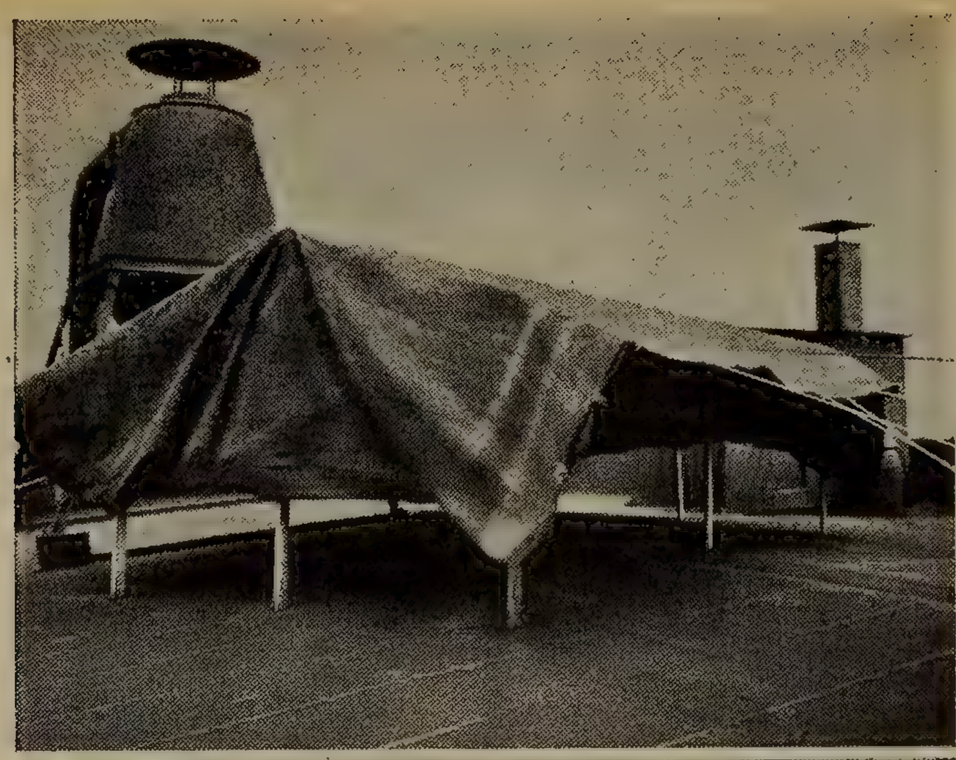
With brown eyebrow pencil (the effect is softer than black) she extends her eyebrows and draws the finest possible line over her eyes, close to the lashes. To prevent blurring, she dips the pencil in cold water first. Her mascara is black, applied with a very dry brush. She goes over her upper lashes three times, the last time including the lower lashes very lightly.

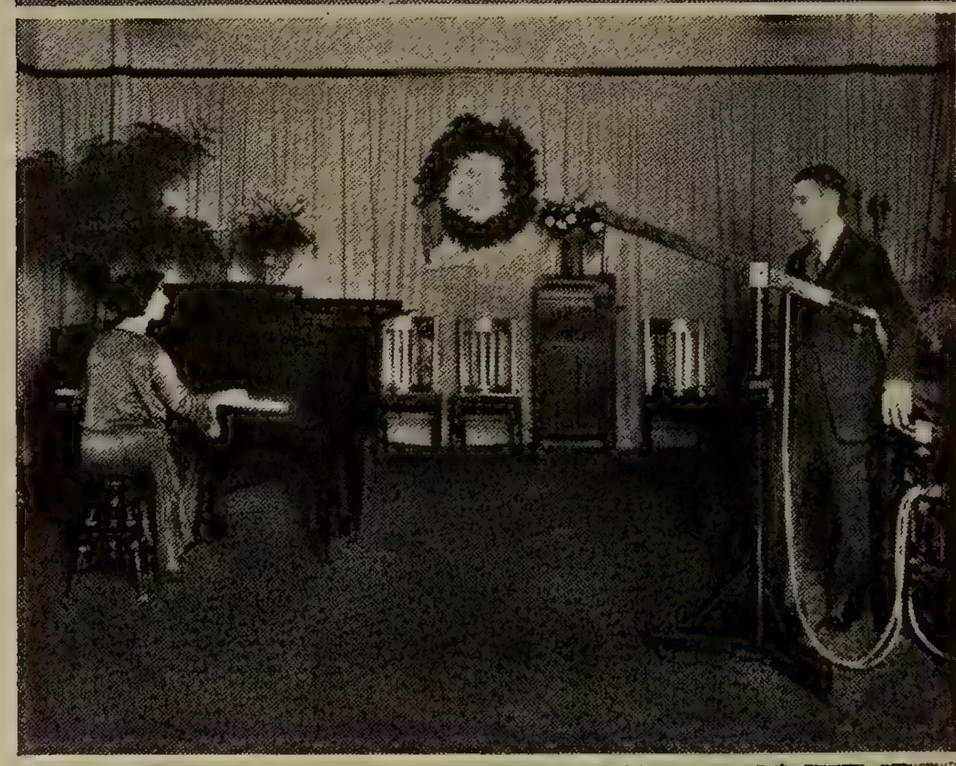
Lipstick goes on with a brush, following the natural line of her mouth. To be sure that her teeth are gleaming white, she always brushes them before going out.

When wearing a sleeveless or low-necked gown, a favorite trick is to apply hand lotion all over her shoulders, arms and chest. She also puts a light dab on forehead and cheeks for that famous Falkenberg glow.

She keeps hair combing until completely dressed to save time. "For untidy hairs around the forehead, I rub a tiny bit of soap and water over the stragglers, pushing them back," she says.

Now! Easier, surer protection for your marriage hygiene problem





***This** KDKA studio—a makeshift shack on a building roof—housed radio's first scheduled broadcast.*

***Several** years later broadcasting moved indoors—and now the studio was heavily lined with drapes.*

***Three** happy people spend a sunny Sunday afternoon during the crystal set period listening to KDKA.*

KDKA is history

The National Broadcasting Company's Silver Jubilee celebration on November 15 brings to mind another, even earlier, November day when the world's first scheduled broadcast was heard over KDKA, Pittsburgh, pioneer radio station. Presentation of this inaugural broadcast on November 2, 1920, came about as the result of several strange and seemingly unrelated circumstances.

It all began in 1915 with a Westinghouse engineer, Dr. Frank Conrad. Westinghouse had been experimenting with the vacuum tube while working on government contracts. To settle a five-dollar bet on the accuracy of his twelve-dollar watch, Dr. Conrad built a small receiver to hear time signals from the Naval Observatory at Arlington, Virginia. Fascinated by his new hobby, Dr. Conrad turned next to construction of a transmitter, licensed as 8XK, which he installed above his garage in the rear of his home. It is from this station that KDKA stems and with it, radio broadcasting as it is today.

By 1919, messages from 8XK were heard in widely separated locations—messages discussing the kind of equipment being used and results obtained. Bored by this routine, Dr. Conrad, on October 17, 1919, placed his microphone before a phonograph and substituted music for the voice. The music saved Dr. Conrad's voice, but more—it delighted and amazed "hams" all over the country.

Dr. Conrad continued to broadcast music on a two-a-week schedule and by late summer of 1920, interest had become so general that the Joseph Horne Co., a Pittsburgh department store, ran an ad in the Pittsburgh *Sun* offering "Amateur Wireless Sets . . . for sale . . . $10.00 up."

To H. P. Davis, Westinghouse Vice President, who had been an ardent follower of the Conrad ventures, the ad was an inspiration. If this was a fair example of popular reaction to Dr. Conrad's broadcasts, the real radio industry lay in the manufacture of home receivers, he reasoned, and in supplying radio programs which would make people want to own such receivers. Mr. Davis set about winning other Westinghouse officials to the same view, and so persuasive were his arguments that a station was authorized and election night selected for the grand opening.

The broadcast originated in a tiny, makeshift shack atop one of the Westinghouse buildings in East Pittsburgh. There was no studio. A single room accommodated transmitting equipment, turntable for records; and the first broadcast staff handled telephone lines to the Pittsburgh *Post* where arrangements had been made to secure election returns by telephone.

Broadcasting began at 8 o'clock election night and continued until noon of the following day, even though Cox, hours earlier, had conceded the election to Senator Harding. Throughout the night, while the usual crowds stood in a driving rain before outdoor bulletin boards to see returns, a fortunate few, early-morning fans, equipped with crystal sets and earphones, were hearing the same returns in the comfort of their homes. In addition, between returns and occasional music, they heard this request over and over again: "Will anyone hearing this broadcast communicate with us, as we are anxious to know how far the broadcast is reaching and how it is being received." So KDKA was born.

Much of the early history of KDKA is actually the early history of radio. Many of its notable "firsts" are "firsts" of the industry as well. And these KDKA "firsts" have put the station in history books.

Loveliness with a Natural Look!

Cashmere Bouquet

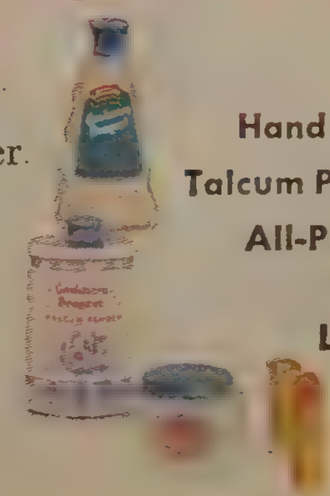
Face Powder

So smooth, so naturally clinging—
6 flattering, "Flower-Fresh" shades!

Only 29¢

Accentuate your loveliness the natural way—with luxuriously smooth Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. For no matter what your coloring, there's a fashionable, "flower-fresh" shade to complement and flatter your own true skin tone. *Plus* texture and cling like pure velvet . . . no streaking, flaking or shine. Scented with a lingering whisper of the romantic "fragrance men love"!

Look your loveliest with Cashmere Bouquet



Hand Lotion
Talcum Powder
All-Purpose Cream
Lipstick

Are you in the know?

When two boys ask you to dance, should you choose—

☐ *The better looker* ☐ *The lad who asked first* ☐ *Via the coin-flipping method*

Both stags ask to be your leading man—so what should a doe do? Choose the one who spoke up first. You can't lose by playing fair—and ten to one Dreamboy will re-pop the question. Next time your calendar says "Don't go," on date night—speak up; ask for Kotex. Because those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines, confidence is sure to follow. And you get extra protection with the special *safety center* and soft, special edges that resist moisture. (Kotex can be worn on *either* side, safely!)

When dining out, would a smart doll—

☐ *Disregard prices*
☐ *Wipe the silver*
☐ *Swipe the silver*

All wrong? You're right! When ordering, a smart doll considers her guy's wallet; doesn't filch tableware "souvenirs." And she won't wipe off the silver; there's no need, and it's bad manners. As for "certain" needs, it's smart to have the right answer ...so try the *3 absorbencies* of Kotex (different sizes, for different days). See how right you'll be with Regular, Junior or Super!

What type is the best dating material?

☐ *Fun-to-talk-to*
☐ *Big time spender*
☐ *Lover boy*

Just being a Good Time Charlie doesn't mean he's the best date mate. Snag a squire who's fun to talk to: has the same interests. Chatter you both enjoy keeps you at ease. You'll always find "those" days easy to get along with—once you let Kotex help you stay really *comfortable.* For Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; gives downy softness that holds its shape.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

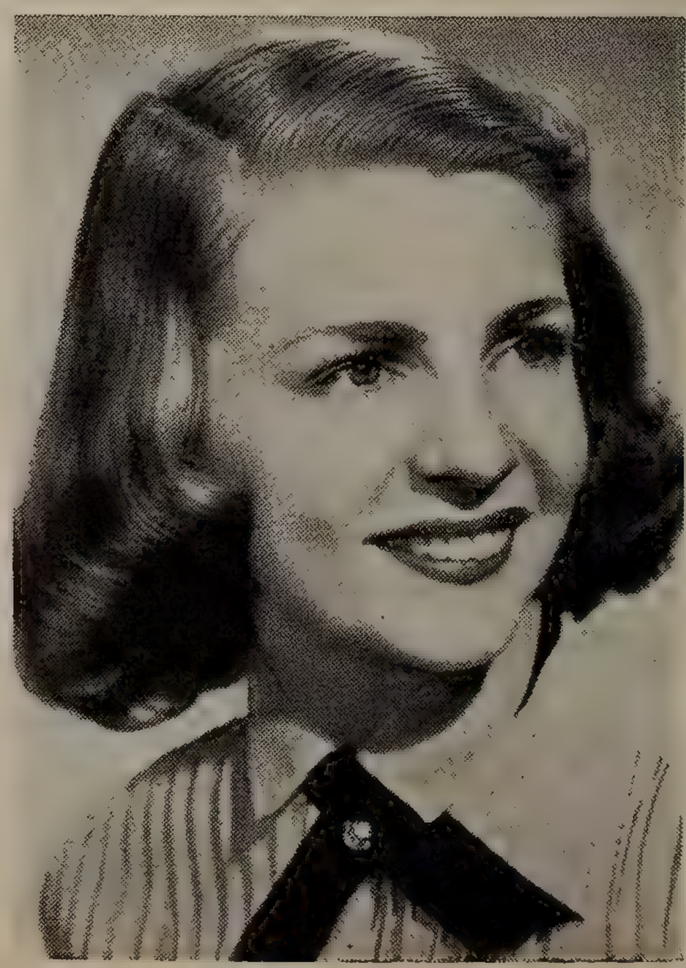
P.S. **Have you tried Delsey*?** It's the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex. A tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

Who's who in TV

It was a parental lark that sent Dorothy Collins on her way to becoming vocalist on Your Hit Parade. Born in Windsor, Ontario, her original ambition was to become a secretary. As a lark, her parents entered her name in a local amateur singing contest . . . where she won first prize. In 1942 she first met Raymond Scott, who featured her on his air show. In April, 1950, the sponsor of Your Hit Parade was looking for a new type of commercial. Scott recorded some of the present singing jingles, using Dorothy's voice anonymously. The sponsor liked both, and Dorothy first hit the Hit Parade as the "voice of the singing commercial." Later, she became a featured singer on the program.

Dorothy Collins

Dorothy, who now makes her home in New York City, is a mere five feet two inches tall. Her hair is natural blonde, and she has hazel eyes. When there is time for sports, which is seldom, she likes to ride horseback.



You're the prettiest girl at the party!

Fiesta

new ultra-feminine look in make-up by **woodbury**

The newest, most appealing look yet . . . fresh, sweet . . . and deliberately pretty! All yours with *Fiesta*, a luscious cream-of-pink delight . . . the Woodbury Powder shade that gives your skin the delicate prettiness of a Romantic Beauty! And how men love it!

— **and how you'll love** that heavenly Woodbury Powder with the special foundation-cream ingredient! Fabulous satin smoothness with no "powdery look!" Plus longer cling . . . lingering fragrance. Woodbury holds its magic for hours and hours!

new.. big **50¢** box
other sizes 15¢, 30¢, $1.00
plus tax

new **woodbury liquid make-up** natural looking color that smooths, tints and glorifies your skin. Makes any fashion color you choose becoming! Completely wonderful in itself! Or twice as lovely with perfectly matched Woodbury Powders. In "Fiesta" and 3 other glamorizing shades. **59¢** plus tax

How I Changed
My Personality With
Mennen Baby Magic

Diaper rash had me howling,
Wailing and yowling,
My skin was so sore 'twas tragic!

Mummy said: don't you cry,
I know what we'll try,
That wonderful thing that's called Magic!

Now my skin feels divine,
So soft, smooth and fine,
I'm gay as a bird in a tree.

I'm fresh as the dawn.
Diaper problems? All gone!
Baby Magic worked magic for me!

the only skin care that checks diaper odor and diaper rash . . . in nursery-safe, unbreakable Squeeze Bottle

Reminder for mother: Don't forget, when you buy Baby Magic, to get a superfine powder, too. None is purer, softer, smoother than Mennen Baby Powder! Delectably scented. Helps soothe chafing, prickles, itchy, irritated skin. Amusing Built-in Rattle . . . Mother Goose pictures on sides—at no extra cost!

MENNEN
BABY PRODUCTS

Who's who in TV

The right decisions at the right time, a sprinkling of luck, and plenty of hard work, have combined to make thirty-two-year-old Rex Marshall one of the most highly sought after personalities in TV today. His television histrionics have scaled him to the stratosphere of Tom Corbett, Space Cadet and back down to the "earth" of the Somerset Maugham Theatre . . . hitting many of your favorite programs midway.

Rex Marshall

Born in Jamestown, New York, Rex cut his professional eye teeth in the local radio station, eventually graduating to Boston and, finally, New York. The switch to TV came in 1948, when he covered the national political conventions for a local TV station. Producers agreed Marshall had stolen the show. Since then he has gone on to important assignments as narrator, newscaster and emcee. The possessor of a keen script memory, Rex has trouble with names. His hobbies are handball and skeet shooting.

Three-decade duty

***When** radio was still one big experiment, WBZ engineer, William Hauser, and Charles Vassal, audio supervisor, pitch in on one of the first remote broadcasts. Equipment they used is eligible for a museum.*

***An** on-the-spot report from WBZ's Mildred Carlson, who assures Mrs. New England that there's nothing rugged about giving blood. Her Home Forum program is always a "must" with New England housewives.*

FOR THIRTY years, WBZ people have seen history unroll before them. Their role was to interpret it to New England as they saw it made. WBZ's coverage of the rescue of the men in the submarine *U.S.S. Squalus* was a milestone—the first time a successful submarine rescue was effected and covered by radio. Those who participated will never forget the sight of the diving bell breaking water, and the country will never forget the description of the *Squalus* men falling on their knees on the deck of the *Falcon* in prayer.

But from the beginning the WBZ saga has been punctuated with drama. One was the program for tornado victims in 1925; another, in 1929, was the broadcast to Commander Richard E. Byrd and his Antarctic Expeditions in Little America. Others were receptions for Charles A. Lindbergh, Amelia Earhart, and General Douglas MacArthur. Most recent was Chick Morris' exciting coverage of the Maine forest fires.

"In the early days," says Charles Vassal, WBZ audio supervisor, "Radio meant romance. Every broadcast completed successfully was a triumph; every program which went off as scheduled was a victory. Radio was catch-as-catch-can in its youth. The engineer was producer and director. Often he auditioned talent, too, a split second before the announcer presented the new personality."

"The most dramatic event of my career?" muses a WBZ engineer, "I'd say the Ware, Massachusetts, disaster. We raced the mobile transmitter to Ware just before the town was cut off from communication by flood. By means of our short wave, the town was guided in the distribution and administration of medical supplies. WBZ played a big part in preventing wholesale epidemic that year."

Malcolm McCormack, one of WBZ's first announcers, now Farm Director of WBZ and WBZ-TV, states that public taste in programming does not change. "It goes in definite cycles. Oldtimers remember The A & P Gypsies, The Cliquot Club Eskimos, Ipana Troubadors—they aren't so different from programs today." McCormack believes that world conditions influence our radio and television fare. "When the world is troubled, notice how many programs have a soothing effect—how many fine music shows are presented. Or programs which are such a radical departure from our environment that they offer momentary escape. That's the reason for the current trend toward science fiction."

Fans of Malcolm McCormack remember that he originated the idea of a "Breakfast Club," and fellow workers recall polishing off the spreads set up in the studio after guests chatted with the star and announcer.

"The difference between today's Home Forum and that of years ago? Lots!" says Mildred Carlson, Mrs. New England's assistant housekeeper. "I'd say our approach to homemaking is entirely different. Our standards of perfection are the same but we're all for shortcuts in achieving it. Ladies used to put soap through a meat grinder for soap flakes. No automatic washing machines either!"

WBZ has changed, just as the times have changed, but its guiding principle—accurate and honest coverage of world affairs—remains the same.

Betty's WRETCHED

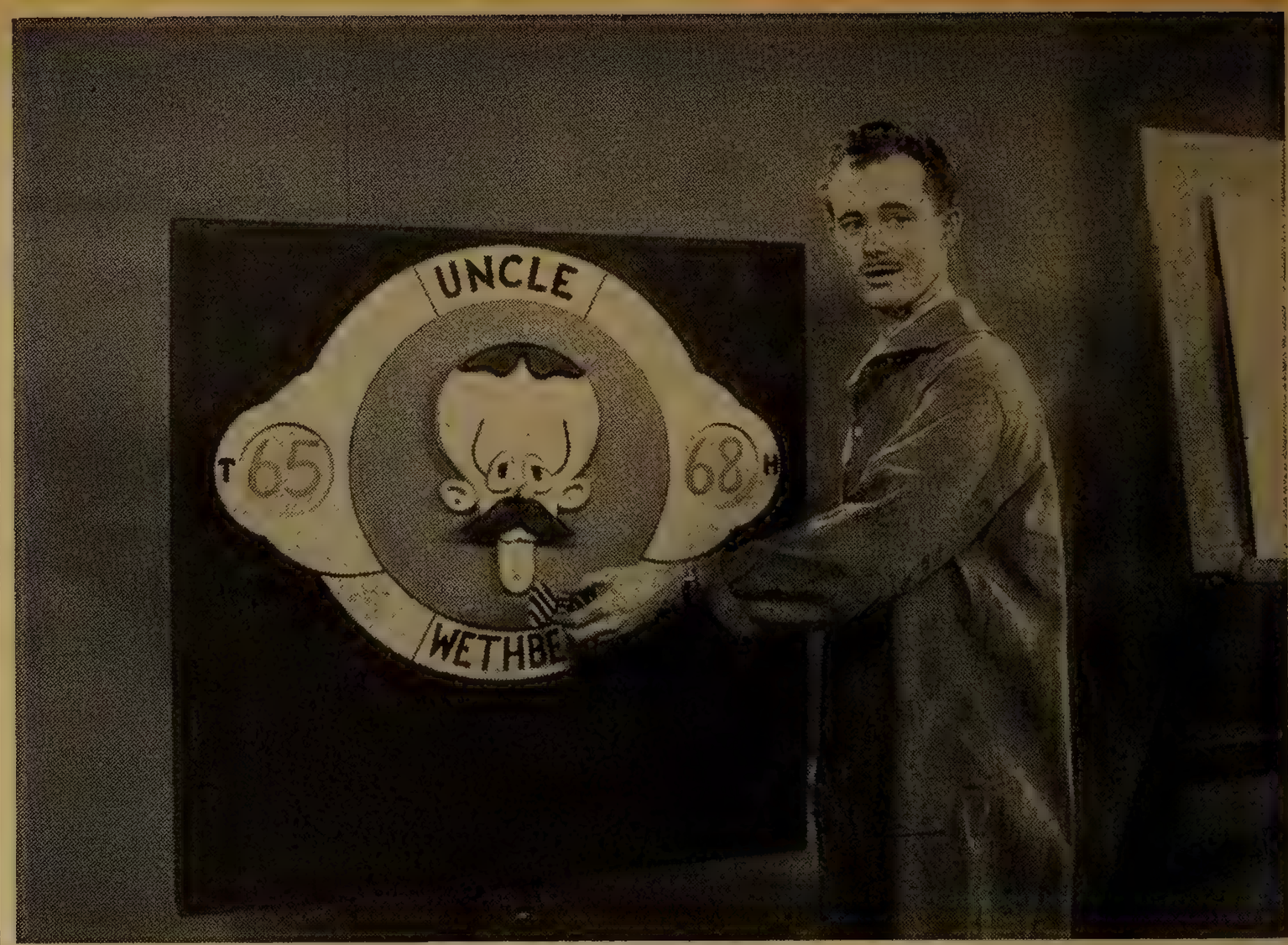
PERIODIC PAIN

It's downright foolish to suffer in silence every month. Let Midol's 3-way action bring you complete relief from functional menstrual distress. Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water... that's all. Midol relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues".

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain Wrapper). Write Dept. B-111, Box 280, New York 18, N.Y.

Betty's RADIANT WITH MIDOL

All Drugstores have Midol



Nobody loves the weatherman, but Tex Antoine charms audiences with Uncle Wethbee.

At last TV fans have found someone they can blame for that rainy weekend

25th anniversary

Alias Uncle Wethbee

● "There goes the most unpopular man in television," said the man in the elevator, but he grinned when he said it. "Tell me, Tex, where's that warm front you promised yesterday?" a girl called out. "How come you didn't predict that storm last week?" the elevator man challenged.

The reason for the complaints was clear if you recognized the man at whom they were aimed, a sort of quiet, impish-looking young fellow with reddish hair, blue eyes, a small reddish mustache and a few freckles left over from spending the summer on a boat. He's Tex Antoine, better known across the TV channels as the creator of Uncle Wethbee. Five nights a week Tex dons a bright blue smock (a purely practical procedure to keep charcoal off his suit), and by maps, cartoons and conversation sums up the state of the weather, present and near future.

Tex wouln't dare give out weather predictions himself, even with the backing of the U.S. Weather Bureau which he constantly checks to within a few minutes of air time. He makes Uncle Wethbee the fall guy, Uncle "W" being a nice little man carved out of plywood, with two big protruding ears, one outstretched to listen to weather complaints and the other con-

tinuously cocked towards the Bureau for forecasts of more and better sunshine. "Uncle Wethbee tells *me* the forecast. So the blame's on his shoulders, not mine," Tex explains the system.

Tex has painted Wethbee a nice shade of gray, the better to televise. The little man wears a big black mustache and a striped bow tie, but otherwise his face is bland and blank. Magnets attach the particular set of features that will give the right expression to illustrate the day's prognostication. In Tex's little black suitcase, where Wethbee lives when he isn't hamming in front of cameras, there are felt cases marked Mad, Sad, Glad, So-So. In these are sets of expressions—eyes, eyebrows, extra mustaches. Also in the black case are charcoal, brushes and ink, Scotch tape and extra bits of this and that to decorate Tex's weather maps and put Wethbee in the right mood for the program.

In addition to Wethbee's help, Tex has devised cartoon-maps and charts to explain the weather and what it's up to. The cartoons were actually his entree into his own TV show. "You spend eight years learning to be an announcer," he tells you, "and then you get into TV because you can draw."

It all began this way. Tex, then known as H. Jon Antoine ("H" for Herbert) of Houston, Texas, migrated to New York City at eighteen in search of a job. He got one as a Radio City guide, following in the footsteps of other illustrious men, Gregory Peck, for instance. One day Jon's boss in Guest Relations told him the head of the announcers had offered him a try-out as a junior announcer. He took the audition, got the promotion, and is now officially a staff NBC announcer, with the Jane Pickens show on radio and his own weather show on television. He lost the name Jon when the first morning he went on the air someone said, "Here's Tex now."

One day an WNBT executive asked Tex to think up an illustrated weather show that wouldn't be too statistical. "I haven't done any cartooning for five years," Tex told him, "and I don't know enough about the weather except to come in when it rains." "That's fine," said the exec. "We want a layman's approach." This was Thursday and he went on the air the following Monday.

It took a little doing at first. Tex went down to the U.S. Weather Bureau on Whitehall Street in New York and had long talks with the prophets who dwell on its heights. "They were very patient with me," Tex says, and shakes his head even now with appreciation. "Very, very patient." He got hold of books and started to bone up on weather parlance, so he could understand what these wise men were talking about. He also pasted a small official weather map in the top of his black suitcase, just so he wouldn't get his geography confused and misplace Ohio or Montana. The map is still there, just in case.

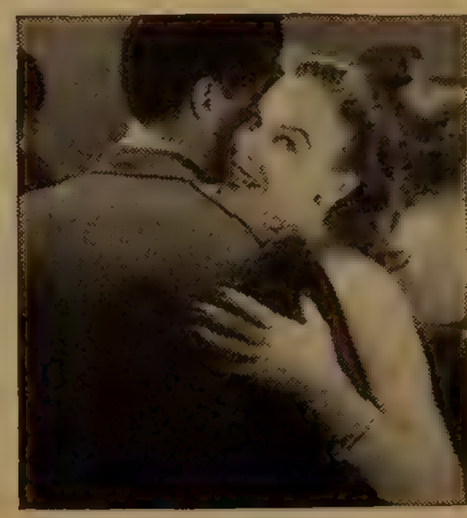
Uncle Wethbee is heard M-F at 6:55 P.M. EST over WNBT; sponsored by Con Edison.

"I made the big play at the Army game!"

"Jim and I'd been dating since his Cadet days. So when he invited me back for a football weekend, I thought, 'Nancy, this is your chance' . . . We watched the game in a freezing rain. Even without gloves I didn't mind. I had my Jergens Lotion to soften my hands for the dance that night.

"When we went walking, the wind was icy. But I knew Jergens Lotion would smooth my chapped skin in a jiffy.

Jergens Lotion doesn't just coat skin with a film of oil. It penetrates the upper layers with softening moisture . . .



"At the dance Jim kissed me and whispered, 'you're such a softie — could you stand the life of an army wife?'"

Try Jergens Lotion—and see why more women use it than any other hand care. It's still only 10¢ to $1, plus tax.

The boys from Boston

WNBC's Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding present music spiced with satire.

FOR THE three or four hermits in the New York area who haven't heard of the team, Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding are the disc jockeys whose unconventional sense of humor is gathering for them a rabid group of fans who like their morning chatter liberally spiced with satire. The stuffy, the overly pretentious, the self satisfied—all are prime targets for the humorous barbs aimed by Bob and Ray on WNBC, any weekday morning between 6:00 and 8:30 A.M.

Bob was born twenty-eight years ago in Boston and grew up in the nearby suburb of Winchester. After his graduation from high school, Bob went to New York to study at the Feagin School of Dramatic Art and at the same time work as an NBC page escorting guests to their seats. In July of 1941, Bob moved back to Boston to join the staff of station WHDH as an announcer.

His first assignment was to announce a women's program presided over by a young lady called Jane Underwood. Jane became Mrs. Elliott in 1943. At this point Bob took a three-year leave of absence from the station to serve in the European Theatre of Operations with the Army's 26th Infantry Division.

Ray Goulding came into the world twenty-nine years ago and was reared in Lowell, Massachusetts. Following his high school graduation, Ray became a radio announcer for the Lowell station. His next move took him to Boston and station WEEI, where he remained until joining the Army in November of 1942. Ray served as an instructor at the Officers Candidate School in Fort Knox, Kentucky, until his discharge in April of '46, when he joined the staff of WHDH. Very much a family man, Ray is married to the former Elizabeth Leader and is the father of two children, Raymond, Jr., five; and Thomas, two. Another addition to the Goulding household is expected in October—and both Elizabeth and Ray are rooting for a girl.

THE TEAM of Bob and Ray was formed by accident and the grace of favorable audience reaction. Early in 1946, Ray was assigned to read the newscasts on Bob's morning disc jockey show. They became friends and Ray would remain at the studio after the newscasts to indulge in some on-the-air pleasantries and gags with Bob. They proved to be a natural team and were given a daily two-and-a-half-hour morning program which they called Break Fast With Bob and Ray. It was on this show that they perfected their comedy routines, which brought them to New York and the NBC network.

Quiet and unassuming in private life, they delight in poking fun at themselves and each other. Bob has developed a talent for painting in water colors and oils and proudly admits to selling a few—"but only to his relatives," comments Ray. Bob takes exception to this remark and reminds his cohort that he once bought an ad in *Esquire*, offering the paintings for sale. "I almost made enough to pay for the ad," boasts Bob. "I would have made more if I hadn't included that double-your-money-back-if-not-satisfied guarantee."

RAY TAKES a postman's holiday for relaxation. He and his brother own a one kilowatt radio station in Lowell, which they opened in June of this year and run "in absentia."

After a busy summer of commuting between their families in Boston and their programs in New York, both boys are hunting for homes nearer the WNBC studios.

In the way of sports, both Bob and Ray like to ski and ice skate. Although skiing weekends will be well-nigh impossible with their new schedule, they plan to spend some of their off-the-air hours at the Rockefeller Center skating rink.

Both enjoy golf and are extremely modest about their abilities. When asked which was the best golfer, both answered without hesitation, "I am." Looks as though WNBC might have another Crosby-Hope feud with Bob and Ray.

ZOO PARADE

(*Continued from page* 13)

sees himself in a fashion show! His hair is very valuable, and in Peru and Bolivia, the Indians weave his fleece into cloth. He belongs to the camel family although he has no hump on his back and he's smaller. If cornered, he protects himself by spitting saliva from his mouth. What's his name? Now, picture (F): this big fellow looks like an ox with a skirt. He's a wild ox from Tibet. In spite of the fact that he's seldom tamed, his disposition seems gentle, although if you force him to fight he knows how to use those powerful horns. He prefers high, cold country. What's his name? (Answers below. Zoo Parade may be seen on NBC-TV, Sun., 4:30 P.M. EST.)

Zoo Parade Quiz Answers:

(1) Jim's ape is orang-utan. (2) My ape is the chimpanzee.

The other animals pictured are: (A) the Zebra, (B) the Water Buffalo, (C) two Marmosets, (D) the Wallaby, (E) the snooty Llama, and (F) the Yak.

A STORY

(*Continued from page* 13)

'Taint Right and Coyote Kid were the two meanest varmints in Chickamoochie County, and when they teamed up, there appeared to be no way of stopping them.

With a little fast talking and the aid of the Coyote Kid's six-shooters, they soon gathered up most of the loose money in the county, and they even took over some personal loot. They got Pancho Chihuahua's sombrero, Li'l Wigwam's best feathers, and Hercules Mouse's anvil.

Wal, Miss Jennifer, everybody was afraid to fight them, so naturally they turned to me for help.

"I'll do it," I promised, "and without any shooting, either!"

So that night, I sneaked into their houses and stole it all back. But instead of keeping it, I just switched it, putting 'Taint Right's share in the Kid's house, and the other way around!

Come morning, the Coyote Kid ran storming into 'Taint Right's house. "What're you doing with my anvil?" he roared. "I need it to make bullets!"

"And how come you're wearing my sombrero?" 'Taint Right demanded. "And those are my feathers stuck in it!"

Pretty soon the two of them were fighting tooth and nail and chasing each other around till they'd chased each other clean out of the country.

Which just proves two varmints sometimes cancel themselves out!

Want to hear more of my stories? Then, listen into Miss Jennifer and me on NBC-TV, 5:15 P.M. EST, T. & Th.

How a Young Wife can find out the truth she can trust

Full explanation in FREE book. Send coupon below

No longer need she risk married happiness, her health and womanly charm!

Once a woman realizes how important the practice of *complete* hygiene (including intimate internal cleanliness) is to married happiness, her health, after her periods and to combat a grave odor at its source—how much happier her life can be!

And of course, modern, well-informed women have found out about ZONITE—*how no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is* SO POWERFUL *yet* SAFE *to tissues.*

On the day the ZONITE principle was developed by a world-famous surgeon and scientist—women forever became free from the dangers of using harmful poisons—overstrong solutions of which may burn and desensitize delicate tissues. No longer did they have to rely on weak, ineffective 'kitchen makeshifts.' ZONITE changed all this!

ZONITE's Miracle-action

Despite its great germ-killing and deodorizing powers—ZONITE is *positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.* You can use ZONITE as directed as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. ZONITE has brought confidence to women by the tens of thousands—dainty, refreshing internal cleanliness without fear of harming the most delicate tissues.

Gives BOTH Internal and External Protection

ZONITE dissolves and *removes* odor-causing waste substances. It has such a *soothing* effect. ZONITE helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can BE SURE ZONITE *immediately* kills every reachable germ. The *first* antiseptic-germicide principle in the world—so *powerfully effective* yet *harmless* for a woman to use.

©1951, Z. P. C.

Zonite
FOR NEWER
Feminine Hygiene

*Offer good only in the U. S. and Canada

NEW! FREE!

Mail coupon for FREE book (never before published). Reveals intimate facts and gives complete information on feminine hygiene. Write Zonite Products Corp., Dept. RM-111, 100 Park Ave., N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

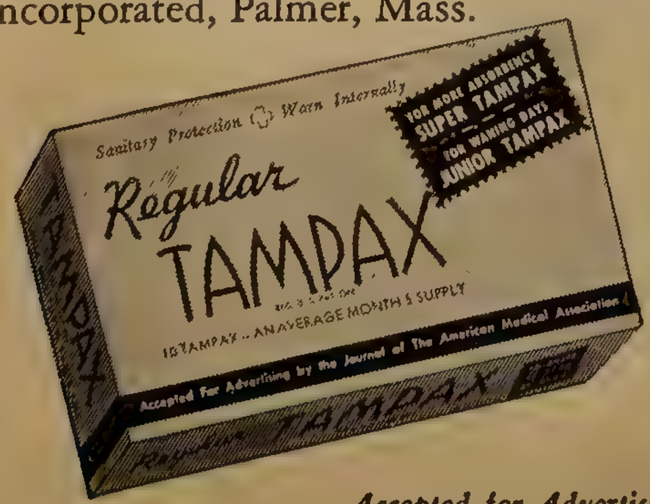
R
M

When Girls become young women

Maturity is not measured in years alone. It varies by countries and by climates and it varies still more among individuals . . . But one thing is certain—it's an important milestone in any girl's life. It deserves serious thought, especially with regard to the method adopted for sanitary protection at the monthly intervals.

For this purpose, dear Young Lady, consider the claims of Tampax. It represents the modern, youthful way of doing things as opposed to the traditional. It's very popular in leading women's colleges. It's scientific, too—doctor-invented, a favorite among nurses. Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax absorbs internally, and it's so tiny it can be inserted quickly by dainty disposable applicator. *Wearer cannot feel it.*

Tampax discards all belts, pins, bulky external pads. Causes no odor or chafing. Eliminates bulges, edge-lines under clothing. Easily disposable. Month's average supply slips in purse. Wear Tampax in tub or shower. Buy it at drug or notion counter in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

AND OF HIS BEING

A child's delight
Is a wondrous thing . . .
Elusive as
A wind-stroked wing,
As singing as
The silver words
That tell of flowers,
And trees, and birds;
As fragile as
A daffodil;
As sturdy as
The tallest hill—
And of his being
As much a part
As eyes, and mind,
And hands, and heart.

—Addie M. Hedrick

SWANS IN FLIGHT

Straight from the moon
four swans came a-winging;
the singing
of pinions in sibilant flight
stringing
the night
with a shuddering skein
of shrill desolation;
of pain
interlaced
with elation.
Straight from the waste
of the moon
they came questing,
stretched necks strained to the stars,
pale pinions unresting.

Over the chasms of earth
where sadness lies sleeping
biding its morrow,
the music of wing-tips
suddenly weeping,
burst from the night
in a crescendo of sorrow.

—Betty Toles

THE WISHES

When once I saved a fairy queen from death
She gave three wishes. My heart thrilled with joy.
"A lovely face," I said and caught my breath,
"And pale gold hair. You see, there is a boy . . .
And such a voice as only you possess."
I wondered that I did not see her smile
To make me happy. But I wonder less
Now I have had the gifts a little while.

There is no lack of suitors, it is true.
But I am like Penelope, and wait
The one who does not come. He never knew
That when he walked with someone past my gate
I hummed a little tune and turned my back
In order not to see her hair was black.

—Carolyn Garner

RADIO-TV MIRROR WILL PAY $5.00 FOR JANUARY POETRY

A maximum of ten original poems will be purchased. Limit your poems to sixteen lines. *No poetry will be returned, nor will the editors enter into correspondence concerning it.* Poetry for the January issue must be submitted between September 10 and October 10, 1951, and accompanied by this notice. If you have not been notified of purchase by November 10, you may feel free to submit it to other publications. Poetry for this issue should be addressed to: January Poetry, RADIO-TV MIRROR, 205 E. 42 Street, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

How much faith should a woman have in her husband?

Rosemary is on CBS, Monday-Friday at 11:45 A.M. EST. Sponsor is P&G for Ivory Snow, Prell.

In August Radio-TV Mirror readlisteners were told Rosemary's story, and asked for their opinions on her problem. The editors of Radio-TV Mirror have chosen the best letters and checks have been sent to the following:

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS to:

Mrs. Ann P. Dickinson
Buena Vista, Georgia

FIVE DOLLARS each has been sent to:

Lucile Bernard
Skokie, Illinois

Mrs. Albert Shipko
Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Lena M. Johnson
Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. V. L. Burns
Oakland, Calif.

Mrs. James William Torriere
Lockport, N. Y.

MOVING?

For prompt change of address, please notify us six weeks beforehand; otherwise, some issues may miss you. Also, some back copies may not be available.

Write to MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., 205 E. 42ND ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Send both old and new address, and if possible, enclose mailing label from a recent copy of your Radio-TV Mirror magazine.

It's possible to have your mailing address corrected by filing your new address with the Post Office; they will notify us. However, if delayed and we dispatch the current magazine before that notice reaches us, it means added expense to you because the Post Office will not forward copies unless you pay extra postage.

How to prove Penaten in Woodbury Cold Cream

cleanses deeper

Virginia Mayo proves Woodbury's exclusive new miracle ingredient, Penaten, actually penetrates much *deeper* into pore openings, lets Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils loosen *every* trace of grime and make-up.

softens better

Lovely co-star of Warner Bros.' "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine" (Color by Technicolor), shows how Woodbury Cold Cream loosens hidden dirt so it's easy to wipe away. And Penaten takes the rich oils so *deep* your skin feels velvet-soft.

leaves you lovelier

A touch tells how Penaten *smooths!* Prove to yourself how radiant the extra-deep cleansing of Woodbury Cold Cream leaves your skin—how adorably *soft* it makes it feel! Only 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.

You'll want to read this ad again!

A message to Radio-TV Mirror readers

NILES TRAMMELL
Chairman of the Board
National Broadcasting Company

Dear Readers:

On behalf of RCA and NBC, a grateful thanks to the editors of RADIO-TV MIRROR for setting aside this Special Anniversary Issue to commemorate our twenty-fifth year of broadcasting—and an especial thanks to you readers. For in a sense it is your "anniversary" too. Without your overwhelming interest and enthusiasm in radio and television entertainment, we would have little reason for a celebration.

This issue of RADIO-TV MIRROR presents the old and new personalities of radio and the exciting new world of television. I particularly enjoyed reliving some of the high spots of broadcasting during the past quarter of a century when I read "The Story of NBC's Quarter Century" on the facing page. I am sure you will enjoy this particular story as well as the entire Silver Jubilee on NBC Anniversary Issue.

Sincerely,

Niles Trammell

BY JOHN CAMERON SWAYZE

THE STORY OF NBC'S QUARTER CENTURY

At 8 P.M., exactly twenty-five years ago on the fifteenth of this month, America's first network show went out over the newly-born National Broadcasting Company. It was a big show, lasting four hours and twenty-four minutes, with celebrated artists and entertainers of the day: Mary Garden, Will Rogers, Walter Damrosch, Titta Ruffo and many other stars. But I don't think anyone present fully realized the significance of the event. Since then, NBC has grown into a communication medium unparalleled in the history of mankind. As Franklin D. Roosevelt said, (*Please turn to page* 71)

1951: Jubilee Year on NBC —here's the up-to-now story of network pioneering

DO YOU KNOW THESE STARS OF TODAY

1 *Man on the right, Will Rogers. The one on the left was, 1929-39, one of radio's top stars. He starts on TV this fall.*

2 *His first NBC show was in 1933 when he wore a fire battalion chief's helmet. Now he has forsaken radio for video.*

3 *At the time of this picture she was "Queen of the Blues," and her theme song was "Shine On Harvest Moon."*

4 *One of radio's favorite programs featured this genial actor and comedian. Called Capt. Henry—know his name?*

NBC Jubilee Contest—you can enter! And if you win, your prize will be a gala free weekend in N.Y. City!

THERE'S real excitement in the air! In celebration of NBC's Twenty-fifth Anniversary. NBC and RADIO-TV MIRROR Magazine have combined forces to offer their reader-listener-viewers an opportunity to compete for an exciting, fun-filled, weekend in New York. And you can bring along a friend or relative—it's all "on the house!" Join the fun. You may be the lucky winner! And if you are, here's a brief rundown of what you may expect. You'll be brought to New York on Friday, Jan. 4, by plane or train (your choice), met at the terminal and registered at the luxurious Park Sheraton Hotel, where you and your companion will be the week-end guests of General Manager Neal Land, who has made the popular 1600-room midtown hostelry the New York mecca for Broadway and Hollywood celebrities. By way of entertainment, you will dine at the Stork Club, Hotel Plaza, Danny's Hideaway, the English Grill (as the guest of an NBC star) and, of course, the luxury of breakfast in bed at the Park Sheraton. You will visit the Radio City Music Hall, attend the dress rehearsal of the All Star Revue TV show, and see the actual broadcast of Your Show of Shows; and wind up Saturday evening at the world-famous Copacabana. There will be a guided tour of Radio City and NBC, as well as a tour of New York, a hansom ride through Central Park, a Sunday visit to the Church of your choice, and be-

AND YESTERDAY?

5 *This man and wife had hilarious housekeeping difficulties when they went on the air—years later, still have them!*

6 *She was first a vocalist on the Fleischman Hour, then went into movies. Shares radio show with her husband.*

7 *This man, though dead several years, is well remembered. The shows he created and m.c.-ed are still on radio-TV.*

8 *He has less hair now—but still the same smile. No picture can do justice to this marathon talker and gag-master.*

lieve it or not, a few hours for shopping, if you like! Then homeward bound on Sunday, Jan. 6th . . . filled with memories of the grandest time ever!

Jubilee Weekend Contest Rules

1. On the coupon, right, (or a separate sheet of paper) identify the pictures of NBC stars of today and yesterday.
2. In fifty words or less, tell us about the NBC program you remember best and why it is so memorable. It can be any NBC radio or TV show within the past twenty-five years. Letters will be judged on sincerity, originality, aptness of thought and interest.
3. Fill out the coupon below, or facsimile, and attach to your entry.
4. All entries become the property of RADIO-TV-MIRROR Magazine, and none will be returned; the editors cannot enter into correspondence on the contest.
5. Editors of RADIO-TV-MIRROR Magazine and representatives of NBC will be sole judges of the contest; their decision will be final. Duplicate prize will be awarded in case of tie.
6. Mail your entry and coupon to: Silver Jubilee Contest, P.O. Box 1513, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.
7. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, November 1, 1951. The winner will be notified no later than December 10, 1951.

Silver Jubilee Contest
P. O. Box 1513
Grand Central Station
New York 17, N. Y.

I identify the NBC stars of today and yesterday as:

1..... 5.....
2..... 6.....
3..... 7.....
4..... 8.....

Attached is my completion of the statement: "I remember (NBC Program) best because....."

NAME .....

STREET ADDRESS (OR BOX).....

.....

CITY..... ZONE.... STATE.....

NAME OF COMPANION ON TRIP.....

.....

RELATIONSHIP .....

(If the winner is a minor, he or she must be accompanied to New York by parent or guardian.)

***Shutterbugs** from the word go, Betty and Walter manage to squeeze time from their hectic schedules to enjoy this mutual hobby. Even turned an extra closet into a dark room.*

***Betty** admits that even though her husband doesn't need her sartorial advice, she enjoys the wifely prerogative of assisting in the daily selection. Walter indulges her whims.*

Just once in a lifetime...

BETTY WRAGGE BROOKE exchanged a wifely glance with her husband, Walter, and idly pushed her wedding ring around her finger. Walter smiled back a comfortable, husbandly smile. The two of them looked so much like the happy, much-in-love man and wife couple they are, it was hard to imagine there'd ever been a time when they hadn't met, hadn't been in love, hadn't been married. Even harder to imagine, seeing the two of them together, that they had faced and overcome problems met since time immemorial by couples the world over.

Imprinted in Betty's mind was the time four years before when she was a bachelor girl waiting

Two young people so much in love, with so much in

A handyman of no mean proportions, Walter's talents in the line of design and construction were a godsend. Between the two, they built cabinets, scraped the floors and turned out a real home.

*"**Imagine** our surprise," says Betty, "when a bit of elbow grease and quantities of paint remover on the living-room fireplace uncovered some really beautiful brass and lovely inlaid tiles!"*

In the "studio" they combine their professional talents, and with the assistance of a recorder improve techniques, timing and the vocal qualities that have made them outstanding actors.

for her Prince Charming to come and sweep her off her feet. Even if she hadn't met Walter, the evening (*Continued on page* 70)

Pepper Young's Family: M-F., 3:30 P.M. EST, NBC. Sponsor is Camay.

25th
NBC
anniversary

common, just can't miss

25th anniversary

Tommy Bartlett welcomes seven tired but happy travelers and gives them a day that they'll never forget!

One: *Raring to go in spite of a night spent sitting up in a coach, the McDermotts are met by Welcome Travelers' official greeter Milt Parlow.*

Three: *Tommy Bartlett hands out new bathing suits all around. Left to right are James, Carol, Mrs. McD., Michael, Tommy, Ellen, Dick, Johnny.*

Two: *With tickets to Welcome Travelers in their pockets, the family checks in at Chicago's Sherman Hotel. A big suite's what will be needed for this crew, says Milt.*

Four: *A bath feels mighty good to a fellow—or three fellows—after a long trip. Johnny, Jimmy and Mike settle for a triple short-cut.*

Tommy welcomes the McDermotts

THE kids, all six of them, were cute as bugs' ears. Their mother was slender, pretty, young and vivacious. And every one, despite traveling all night by coach, was clean faced, sweet tempered and remarkably fresh. Watching them come up the ramp at Chicago's Union Station, Milt Parlow, Welcome Travelers' greeter, fell in love at first sight.

A letter from the mother, Mrs. Glenn McDermott,

25th anniversary

And wonderful is the word for my sons who piloted me to Live Like A Millionaire!

BY VERLYE MILLS BRILHART

ONE of the biggest laughs Mae West ever got resulted from her now-classic order to a maid: "Beulah, peel me a grape." Maybe such an extreme of service is exaggerated enough to be funny, but, believe me, it's wonderful to have servants at your beck and call twenty-four hours a day, to loll in the lap of luxury, as only millionaires can afford!

Maybe all millionaires don't treat themselves to a constant round of fun and the attentions of numerous hired helpers, but they're foolish if they don't. I should know. For a week, I was able to "live like a millionaire" . . . my reward for winning on the television program of that name. With my three sons, I was flown in style to Miami Beach, Florida, housed in a luxurious suite at the smart Macfadden Deauville Hotel, fed with the superb food featured at that famous resort, and showered with service and attention that every woman dreams about but few ever get to enjoy.

What a thrill to have breakfast in bed at whatever hour I chose to awaken! Very different (*Continued on page* 83)

Live Like A Millionaire is heard on NBC M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST. Sponsor is General Mills.

***Back** home from their wonderful week "on the program," the Brilharts give Dad a hand in his shop where he produces mouthpieces for musical instruments—harp strings are imported.*

***During** her week as a "millionaire," Mrs. Brilhart had servants to wait on her. Back home the whole family pitches in and dishwashing takes on all aspects of an active production line.*

On the air or off, Alice is a housewife. Here she tells about the no-schedule-but-lots-of-fun household of the Harrises

This is my life

Phil's love of the South resulted in New Orleans-type shutters for the den. They both keep the room cool, give it a cozy feeling.

BY ALICE FAYE

I'd better start by explaining that I'm not one to be bound by routine. Nowhere in my household is there a bulletin board listing the hours of the day and telling me what use I must make of each of them—and there never will be. Not that such a schedule would do me any good, even if I wanted one. I never know when I'm going to get a call telling me to pack up because we're leaving for Memphis tonight. Or I may have just started polishing the silver when Phil turns up with six dinner guests in tow. But I'm not complaining—I love it, wouldn't have it any other way!

We're a fairly large household, when you come to count noses. Besides the four of us—Phil and I, Alice Jr., who's nine, and Phyllis, who's seven—we have a wonderful Japanese couple who cook and clean, a nurse for the children, and a gardener with a magical green thumb. And, of course, Myrtle, miniature poodle, Karen, big and friendly police dog, and a cockatoo. The house was Phil's bachelor quarters before we were married, and we've since added a wing to accommodate the girls and their nurse on the top floor, a much-needed workroom on the lower. That workroom has turned into the most popular gathering place in the whole house, for guests and family alike. There is a big—really big—fireplace on one wall, and two other walls are filled with built-in cabinets which house bound scripts, programs and a lot of other business paraphernalia. There's plenty of room for Phil's gun collection, fishing rods, tennis trophies and—well, just things. A big, round table does equally well for business conferences or game-playing. Dusting's a problem throughout the whole house. Phil and I don't collect things—not on purpose—but knickknacks seem to have accumulated in every room. My day begins by whisking a finger over every object in my path as I come downstairs to breakfast.

The upper floor of the added wing has proved a huge success. Having quarters all to themselves gives the girls more responsibility, which is, I think, all to the good. Besides, it makes them feel wonderfully grown up. That's easy to understand—I'd have thought I was in heaven if I'd had a private apartment when I was a little girl, wouldn't you? Their bedroom boasts twin beds and a fireplace. Off (*Continued on page* 89)

The Alice Faye-Phil Harris Show may be heard weekly—Sundays at 8:30 P.M. EST, on NBC network stations.

The workroom, on the ground floor of the added wing of the house, serves a multitude of purposes, work or play. Business papers are housed in big, wall-deep cabinets. Round table serves equally well for conferences or games. All over the house there is evidence of Alice's skill as an expert "needlepointer."

25th
NBC
anniversary

CAROLYN KRAMER NELSON ASKS:

Can a clever woman win a man from the one he really loves?

Carolyn finds herself in contest with an unknown, utterly unscrupulous enemy—fighting to hold her husband's love!

SHORTLY before being elected Governor of a typical, thriving American state, Miles Nelson married Carolyn Kramer. Assisting him during his political campaign was Annette Thorpe, a lovely, calculating and ambitious woman . . . a woman who would gladly do anything to be the Governor's right hand, if not his First Lady.

Not too long after his election, it became obvious that Miles would continue to need Annette's assistance, and she became a permanent member of his staff . . . with very definite ideas on how to break up Miles's home and ingratiate herself. Very subtly, she started a campaign to bring Carolyn and Neil Prescott, head of the Welfare Department, together in both a business and personal way. Having accomplished this, she invented a whispering campaign against them, making sure that Miles would occasionally hear of it. At first Miles ignored the rumors, but as the time went on he found it more and more difficult. For a long while, Carolyn has sensed that something is wrong, but Miles will give her no satisfaction. She is, therefore, in the unbearable position of fighting with an unseen, unknown enemy. She suspects Annette is behind the trouble . . . but Annette is too clever and subtle to let Miles suspect anything. What can Carolyn do to bring this trickery into the open where she can fight it? Is it possible that Annette is too clever for Carolyn, will win Miles for herself? From your own experience, from that of your friends or family, what is your opinion? Can a clever woman win a man from the one he really loves?

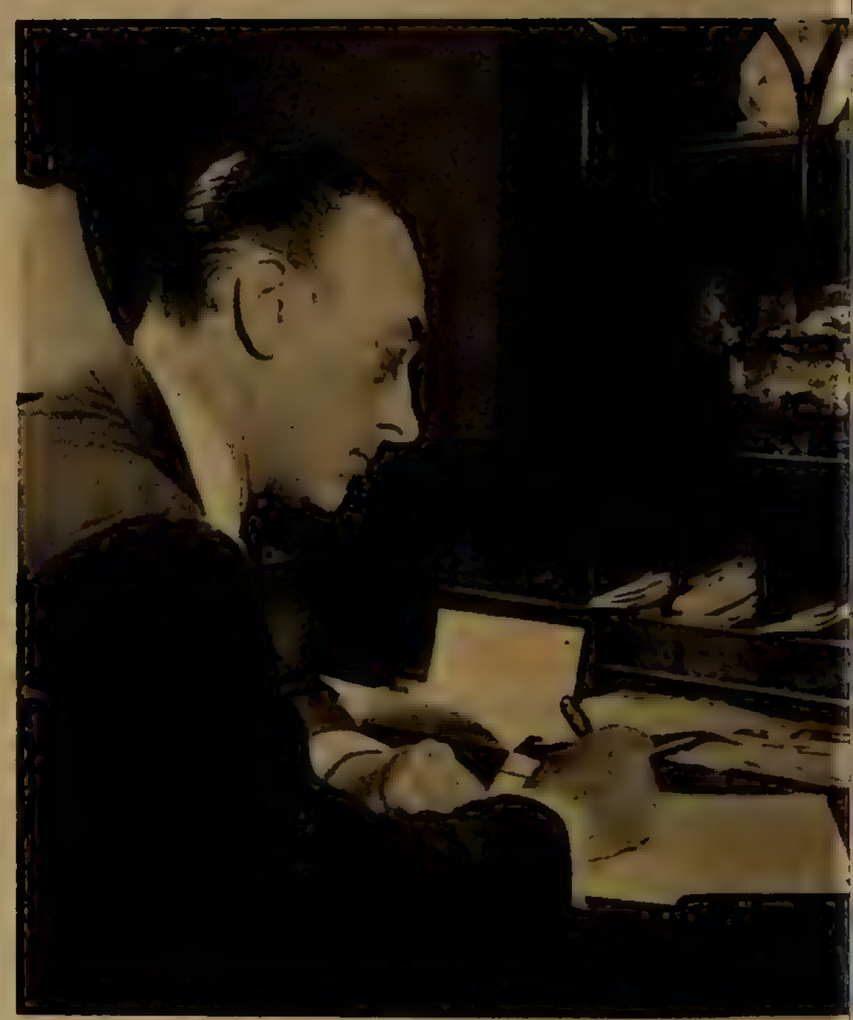
The Right To Happiness is heard Monday through Friday at 3:45 P.M., EST, on the NBC network. Sponsor is P&G's Ivory Bar and Duz.

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR *will purchase readers' answers to the question "Can a clever woman win a man from the one he really loves?" Writer of the best answer, in the opinion of the editors, will be paid $25.00; to writers of five next-best answers will go $5.00 each.*

What is your answer to this problem State your views in a letter of no more than one hundred words. Address it to Right to Happiness, c/o RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The editors will choose the best letter, basing choice on originality and understanding of the problem, and will purchase it for $25.00. They will purchase five next-best letters at $5.00 each. No letters will be returned; editors cannot enter into correspondence about them. Opinion of the editors will be final. Letters should be postmarked no later than November 1, 1951, and should have this notice attached.

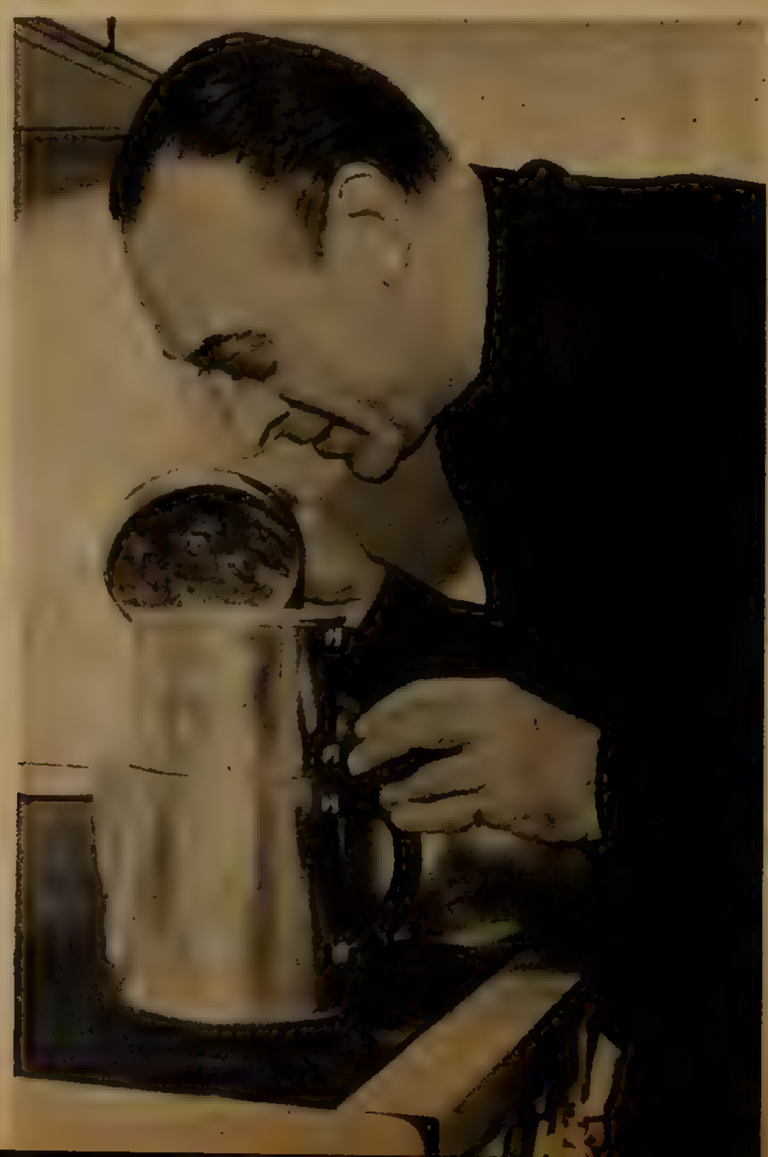
He's

In repose, it's really a very good face, with gray eyes, a fine-cut nose and a thin, humorous mouth. The sort of face any woman would—or should—find most attractive. Nor does that graveyard pallor show . . . well, not much.



***Pre-ghoul** days, Gallop was a customers' man with a conservative Boston investment house. He rose to ghoul-ing by way of straight announcing.*

A natty dresser and proud of it, the closet of Gallop's Park Avenue bachelor quarters reveals suits and coats by the tens and ties by the hundreds. His domestic activities include making coffee—strong and hot and black—which none of his friends will drink!



25th anniversary

The disembodied face on Lights Out,

has another—and very pleasant—existence!

really very nice!

FRANK GALLOP's role as the shadowy narrator on NBC's supernatural Lights Out television series has created a Frankenstein in his personal life.

"And why not?" asked Mr. Gallop in an eerie whisper. (He had laryngitis.) "Full-bodied, well-set-up ghosts in the movies, on radio, on TV, in whodunits, in old country houses are a dime a dozen. But the bodiless ghost you see—or think you see—each Monday night on television is one of a kind. And he's hexed me something horrible. So fearfully has the close-up of that face in the guttering candlelight fixed itself in the minds of televiewers that they see me, not as a man (a rather thin, somewhat pale man, but a man for a' that) but as a refugee from a graveyard."

But in spite of the fact that Mr. Gallop is blessed with a body as well as a head, strangers stop him in the street, point an accusing finger at him, say "You scare the wits out of my kids."

His postman on Park Avenue told him: "I won't let my little boy see your show. The kid needs his sleep." The corner delicatessen man said: "My little girl leaves the room when you come on. She's no sissy, neither. Brought up, she was, on Boris Karloff." In the apartment house on Park Avenue, where Mr. Gallop has his earthly habitat, he times his use of the elevators so as not to coincide with the nursemaids and children bound on their daily outings. "Let them set eyes on me," he sighs, "and the roses leave their cheeks as by a blight.

"Recently, I was dining in an uptown restaurant in New York when I was approached, less timidly than is customary, by a pig-tailed youngster. She carried a menu and wanted my autograph. Said the gallant girl, 'You look the same as you do on (*Continued on page* 84)

Frank Gallop can be seen on Lights Out, Mon. 9:00 P.M. EST, NBC-TV. Sponsor, Admiral.

Very nice or not, Gallop can, if he feels so inclined, work up a sinister leer over as simple a task as shining up his silver.

Efficient Kay comes in each day to "do for" Gallop. Not usually talkative, Kay has lately taken to active matchmaking.

Come and visit James Melton

BY FRANCES KISH

The home, to which he will someday retire, happily combines his two greatest interests

A French import, this horseless carriage dating back to pre-1900 days, can still "hit the road."

A LAZY road winds its way up a hill in the town of Westport, Connecticut. Follow its curving ascent and you'll come to a post holding an old automobile lamp that once shone from Diamond Jim Brady's limousine. Underneath the lamp is a painted-wood sign, a wild goose flying over a staff of music on which is a single note, a B Natural, that's the keynote of the house you are about to enter.

You wheel about quickly as the autumn languor is broken by a loud, chugging sound and the echo of a horn that blows *"a-Who, a-Who, a-Who."* As it comes closer you see that the approaching vehicle is a surrey, fringe on top and all, harnessed to a motor. The big brass horn is being blown by squeezing an old-fashioned rubber bulb. This equipage is one of the fabulous cars in Jim Melton's collection of some one hundred and twenty-five ancient automobiles. It's a De Dion Bouton, a French beauty dating back to before the year 1900.

Seated up on the high, narrow driver's seat is Jim, and next to him is a small vivacious redhead of five, his daughter Margo. Coming out of the house to greet them is Marjorie Melton, who has been Mrs. Jim for twenty-two years. (They met twenty-three years ago at a big party in Jim's honor in Marjorie's home town of Akron, Ohio, and half an hour after the introductions Jim told his brother, "That's the girl I'm going to marry." Three days later they were engaged.)

His family, the house in the country, the musical signpost and the rare old cars sum up James Melton's main interests:

There's his singing, for which he deserted a prospective law career during his college days. "I got started in college glee clubs and after that I couldn't think of any other career but music. But when the president of the University of Florida, where I was a student, told me that someday I would be well known as a singer I took it to mean I wasn't doing so well with my law studies. Actually, he was more (*Continued on page* 81)

Ford Festival is seen Thurs., NBC-TV, 9 P.M., EST. Sponsored by Ford Dealers.

In 1951, as in 1907, the Stanley Steamer is the Gentleman's Roadster . . . even to the license plate which is lettered GENT. Its color, size and shape have caused many a strong man to pull over to the side of the road to adjust his specs.

The Melton home is built around a collection of souvenirs of the many places Jim has visited on his concert tours. When space ran out, rooms and additions were added.

The pride of Margo and the joy of the neighboring children and adults is the M.M. & J.R.R. which regularly tours the orchard

25th anniversary

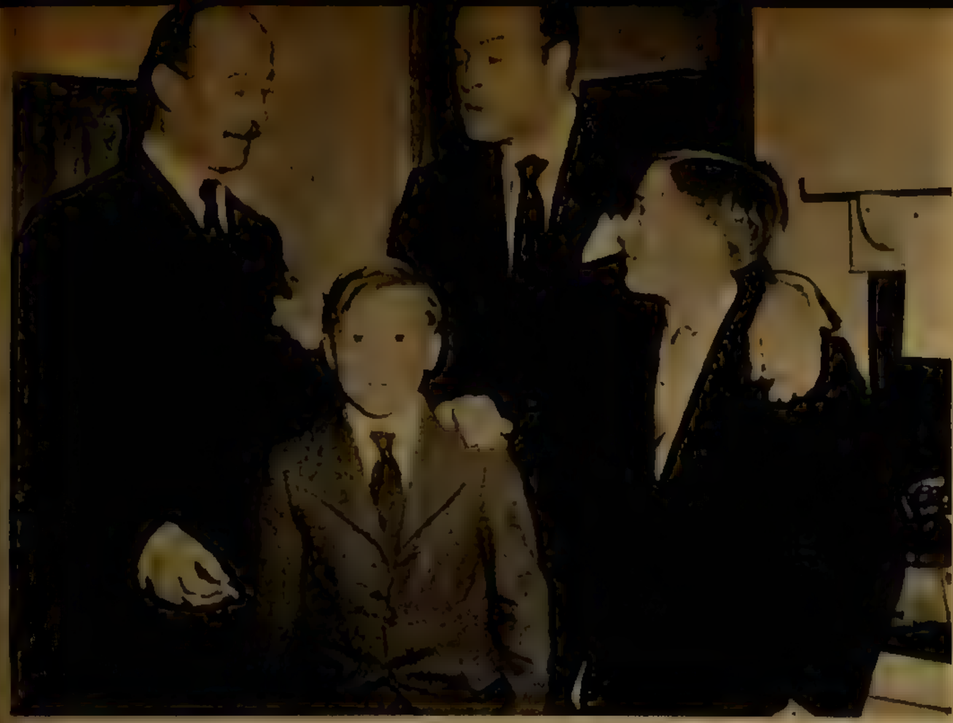
The Hope special

• Talking of the trip on which these pictures were taken, Bob Hope says, "It was a honey. Left New York April 14 and were gone till the first of June. Nine stops in England and Scotland—and Paris, Wiesbaden and Berlin. Rushed, hectic—but gratifying. Everybody was a doll!" He stops. You realize he's not going to say a word about the shows for G.I.'s he played at every stop, the London benefit for Clubland, organization for underprivileged boys, at which $58,000 was raised. To hear him tell it, it might have been just a vacation jaunt!

Bob Hope Show: Tuesday at 9 P.M. EST, NBC sponsored by Chesterfields. Bob's also seen once monthly on Sunday at 7 P.M. EST, NBC-TV.

"At Burtonwood, as General of the Day, I took off my shoes to walk on the red carpet. Below, if you can find me, I'm signing autographs. The hat? Well—it keeps the laughs warm!"

Bob chooses favorites from his personal overseas-junket picture



*"**This** is Roland Culver, fine British actor, who brought his two sons backstage where I was appearing at the Prince of Wales Theatre. Their names? Well—aren't they dolls?"*

*"**These**—excepting Marilyn Maxwell and Julie Wilson—are my London relatives. Cousin who'd never seen me perform shook my hand very warmly and told me, 'You're good!' "*

*"**Marilyn Maxwell,** Hy Averbach and I doing our show at Burtonwood. We think it's pretty funny, but guess those G.I.'s had different opinions."*

*"**Meet**—grrr—C.C. Fox, who beat me in a golf tournament in Scotland. I had too much Paris in my back-swing, I guess. Get a load of my tam!"*

*"**Get** a load of me showing my power at the British Festival Industries show in London. The show compares to home or hobby shows that we have here at home."*

*"**General Oliver** talking with Marilyn. I'm telling this gent on my left I've looked over the command and don't feel qualified, so I'm turning it back. The soldiers laughed—in relief, I think."*

album, gives you his own—inimitable—comment on each!

25th anniversary

THIS YEAR the group gathered in Chichi's home to celebrate Thanksgiving have much to be thankful for. And they are acutely aware of their blessings. Barry has been cleared of a murder charge and reunited with his family, Dr. Markham and Eunice, who fought so valiantly on his behalf. To this has been added the joy of knowing that Eunice and Barry are to have a child of their own. Chichi has regained her health and Papa David has won his fight to save his bookshop. Once again these friends have met and conquered their trials, and once again they find that Life Can Be Beautiful.

Pictured here, as on the air, are:

Eunice Markham . . . . . Julie Bennett
Dr. Markham . . . . . Charles Webster
Barry Markham . . . . Vinton Hayworth
Chichi . . . . . Teri Keane
Papa David . . . . . Ralph Locke

Life Can Be Beautiful can be heard Monday through Friday over the NBC network at 3:00 P.M. EST. Sponsored by P&G's Tide.

Your friends of Life Can Be Beautiful spend

Thanksgiving with Chichi

Thanksgiving, *1951, is particularly happy for Chichi, Papa David and the Markhams, who know the true meaning of the feast.*

Neither rain nor sleet nor snow can stop this Mid-west dynamo!

Fair, fortyish – and fabulous!

Paradoxically, *Ruth's home is decorated in a period when life was slower and more closely centered around the home . . . kitchen combines modern appliances with heirloom furnishings.*

She admits to being fortyish, double chinned and a few pounds heavier than she wants to be. When justly provoked, she's capable of scolding a public official, her boss or her audience with a sharp-tongued fervor unheard since the days of the old-maid schoolmarm. She refuses to read ready-made commercials. She has been known to toss sponsors out of the studio, sass directors, talk back to camera men.

Respecting only those bans which fall into the good taste classification, she has happily broken every other rule of broadcasting . . . Yet despite such uninhibited action, the technical crew adores her, sponsors wait in line to buy time on her shows, tickets for her Fifty Club luncheons are sold out farther ahead than "South Pacific," and whenever she has made a personal appearance outside the station it has taken a small army of studio staff plus a police

(*Continued on page* 77)

Ruth Lyons is seen on The Fifty Club, Mon.-Fri., 12 Noon, EST, NBC-TV. Also heard on her local WLW radio program

25th anniversary

Ruth's *love of humanity extends to the animal kingdom. The Lyons-Newman four-footers consist of three dogs, a cat and a chubby hamster. In her eyes, lack of pedigree is no handicap.*

BY HELEN BOLSTAD

The Newman family—Candy, Ruth and Herman. Her listeners all know them, for Ruth always talks about those she loves. Candy has appeared with Mother on the WLW program.

Candy's doll collection has an honored place in the front parlor. "Those wonderful girls," secretaries Elsa and Suzi, help "boss lady" with her deluge of mail and listener-viewer gifts.

It takes split-second timing and the combined efforts of the whole family to get Ruth partly breakfasted and on her way to the Cincinnati studio in time for her early morning broadcast.

Front page Farrell

A man alone and locked in a room is killed. David solves The Case of The Invisible Man

***In** the study of the murdered man, David, Sally and Police Lt. Carpenter try to find out how the room could have been entered.*

ACE REPORTER, David Farrell, and his wife, Sally, study the address and information on his next assignment—the murder of the eccentric cartoonist, Willard Owens. Owens was found poisoned in his study, although the door to the study was fitted with a time clock preventing anyone from entering or leaving for a two-hour period. Equally baffling is the fact that there is no trace of how the poison was administered.

Pictured here, as on the air, are:
David Farrell . . . Staats Cotsworth
Sally Farrell . . Florence Williams
Lt. Carpenter . . . . . Bob Donnelly
Oriana Owens . . . . Flora Campbell
Ned Corbett . . . . . Tom Collins
Nina Jameson . . . . . Peggy Stanley

Front Page Farrell is heard Mon.-Fri., 5:15-5:30 P.M. EST on NBC. Sponsored by Aerowax, Autobrite and Melcalose.

***David** casually listens to Nina, unemployed actress living on Owens' generosity, and Oriana, his sister, accuse each other. David discovers that Oriana is sole heir.*

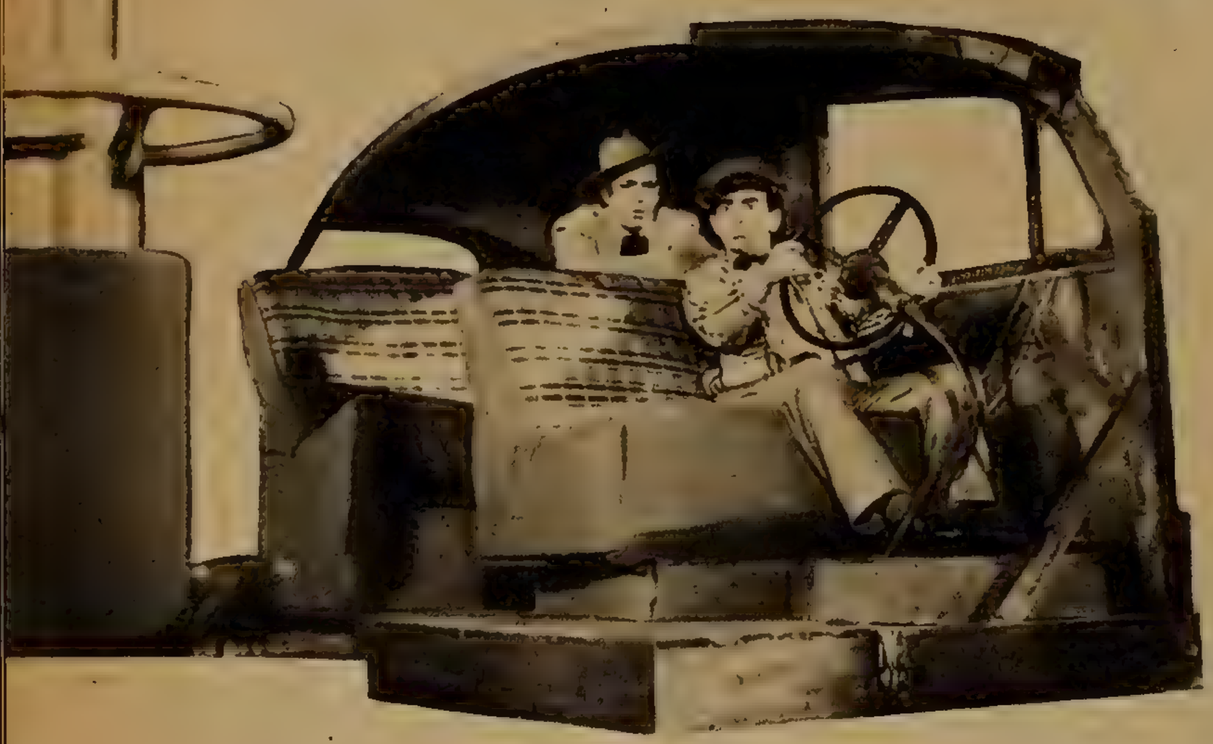
***David**, held up by a mysterious gunman, is knocked out. Sally tends to his bruises as they try to connect the gunman with the murder.*

***Returning** to Owens' home, David and Lt. Carpenter find the study door locked and the time lock set. Once reopened, they find the mysterious gunman inside dead—poisoned!*

***David** finds the method—gas spread by the air conditioner. Gathering the suspects, he goes to turn it on. Nina stops him . . . reveals her crime.*

25th anniversary

Maxie, the taxi



Maxie is Cantor's own creation and now he's starting to steal boss Eddie's television show

On September 10, 1950, Eddie Cantor rolled those famous banjo eyes for the first time on the TV Colgate Comedy Hour program, a debut that was the logical follow-up to his bigtime career in practically every other phase of show business. Soon after, he brought another fellow into the act, a scene-snitcher named Maxie, the Taxi.

It seems that Maxie had got his start in one of Eddie's old skits in the Ziegfeld Follies, and was brought to life on TV as the perfect outlet for Eddie's own rich philosophy. To his cab-fare (Al Hodges, upper left), Maxie philosophized about mothers-in-law. "Every mother-in-law is somebody's mother—and what's wrong with mothers?"

Maxie has some definite ideas about politics and militarists ("Bismarck turns out to be herring and Napoleon is now just a piece of pastry"). He makes worried passengers laugh, gently but firmly trims braggarts down to size. When Eddie stopped doing Maxie for a few weeks, the mail demanding his return was a huge and genuine tribute to Maxie's humor and humanity.

Maxie discusses wives and hospitality. To a soldier who hails his cab (Dick Van Patten, above), Maxie extends an invitation to "the finest eating place in town." "I'm crazy about the cook. She just happens to be the mother of my children." "Oh, we're eating at your house?" "What else is good enough for a soldier?" says Maxie.

Cab drivers, of course, recognize Eddie wherever he goes, give him lowdown on real life experiences that he and his writers work into the scripts. He's an honorary member of the Emergency Taxi Corps of New York, official defense organization. "Fares" like pretty singer Gregg Sherwood (left) help keep Maxie's rating way up there.

Eddie Cantor is on Colgate Comedy Hour, fourth Sundays, 8:00 P.M. EST, NBC-TV. Sponsor: Colgate-Palmolive-Peet.

25th anniversary

YOU'LL MISS A LOT IF YOU

SPECIAL SECTION

...Fibber McGee and Molly

When that closet door on Wistful Vista swings open, the erstwhile alliterative Fibber goes down under a flood of candle snuffers, egg timers, borrowed umbrellas and samurai swords while appreciative audiences settle down for another visit with NBC's perennially popular pair. The McGee's home-life humor has the charm of believability—compound interest from twenty years as radio regulars plus thirty-three years as man and wife.

...Bob and Ray

Fresh humor which for the past five years has kept staid Bostonites chuckling over their morning codfish cakes now becomes a national nerve tonic as the bounding new comedy team of Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding are turned loose on a network leash. Masters of Satire, ingenious mimics, deflaters of pomposity in any form, they begin: "Bob and Ray take great pleasure in presenting the National Broadcasting Company." And it is a pleasure.

MISS

...Bud Collyer

Safe-cracker Willie Sutton is just a minor league coin collector compared to radio's Robin Hood, Bud Collyer, who daily aids and abets studio contestants to Break the Bank for fabulous sums. This personable dollar diplomat was the first emcee of the original Break the Bank in 1945, and now also doubles with Bert Parks in dishing out the pesos on the TV version. The show has fun, pace, wit, plus that lovely pipeline from the mint.

...Leave It To The Girls

And when they leave it to the girls, no greater champion of feminine charm can be found than radiant Maggi McNellis. Four times listed among the world's ten best-dressed women, holder of the Linguaphone diction award, cited among America's best figures, voted radio's most perfect housewife, this versatile video femcee has made the show both top-rated with viewers, and prime favorite of visiting appreciative male guest stars.

...Paul Winchell Jerry Mahoney

The irrepressible Paul Winchell and his splinter sidekick, Jerry Mahoney, are a pair of cards that make for a full house whenever they appear. Paul learned ventriloquism during a polio attack, got his start in show business at thirteen as a Major Bowes winner. Four years later, Jerry was "born" (officially in Redwood Forest, Arbor Day, 1938). Impish humor and Jerry's eye for the girls keep the chuckles rolling along the coaxial cable.

MORE SHOWS; NEXT PAGE →

SPECIAL SECTION

...Julie Stevens

Talented actress, Julie Stevens, represents the many fine performers who bring to life the personalities on NBC's roster of dramatic programs. Like her contemporaries, Miss Stevens is called upon for portrayals that run the gamut from wide-eyed ingenues to hard-bitten gun molls. She plays many daytime roles—heard on such programs as Front Page Farrell, Just Plain Bill and Rosemary. Julie's early NBC days were as Abie's Irish Rose.

...Red Skelton

Richard Skelton, champion mike mugger, a bad widdle boy, a knockout as McPugg, a brat as Junior, a rube as Clem, a delight as Willie Lump Lump, is overall a pretty funny guy, too, as just Red Skelton. As you might guess, the zany NBComic got his training as a circus clown following in the floppy footsteps of his father, Joe Skelton, noted circus clown of the '90's. With or without cap and bells, Red is a rare fellow—catch his TV program.

...Groucho Marx

A soot-smear moustache, a yard-long fat cheroot and one of the most delightfully waggish minds in show business gives to Groucho's You Bet Your Life all of the hallmarx of hilarity unabridged. Prizes seem almost secondary when this unpredictable clown prince of horsefeathers and his free-rolling eyes tangle with an eager, excited contestant. After some forty-five years in show business, Groucho is now at his best, you bet your life.

... *Theatre Guild On The Air*

A consistent favorite with drama-minded dialers has been the series of Theatre Guild presentations bringing top performers of the stage and screen to the NBC microphone. Utilizing the talents of radio's best producers, directors, and technicians, artists such as Basil Rathbone and Madeline Carroll impart fresh life and depth to classics of the stage and bookshelf as well as original dramas penned particularly for the Guild. The presentations are an hour in length.

... *You Can't Take It With You*

Playgoers who chuckled over the varied antics of this improbable menage on the stage will be amply rewarded with the fun-filled understanding given to the characters by Academy Award winner Walter Brennan and company on NBC's new serialized version of You Can't Take It With You. Nothing can startle this wonderful household except propriety and stuffiness, and there are no ground rules barring bombs, bugle lessons or boxing bears from the script.

... *The Big Show*

They'd have to design a marquee sixty stories high to list the guest stars that each week greet Tallulah the Great on her Sunday night extravaganza. For a female quartette, it's the Misses Davis, Carson, Truman and Bankhead. For comedy, Hope, Cantor, Durante, Allen. For music, Pinza . . . they probably have Mr. America, Gene Stanley, just to tear the tickets. Nothing has been spared in this lavish assemblage so aptly called The Big Show.

MORE SHOWS, NEXT PAGE

SPECIAL SECTION

... *Your Hit Parade*

Your Hit Parade means music, and stars Snooky Lanson, Eileen Wilson and Dorothy Collins make it mean a lot, but the big extra in this rollicking show is staging. The production staff takes full advantage of the largest television playhouse in the world, and in addition set their singers and dancers frolicking about in the lobby, the balcony or out the stage door into the streets of New York. It's big, tuneful, and gay as a parade should be.

... *Your Show of Shows*

Saturday is a Roman holiday on TV when viewers gladly give unto Caesar that which is undoubtedly his, great mimicry, subtle satire, and slapstick buffoonery. Co-conspirator in the double-whammy team is the wide-eyed potato-faced nonpareil, Imogene Coca, whose sheer artistry of pantomime is the perfect foil for the rampaging Sid. Their presentations of Americana, fables and foibles, is fabulous. They lampoon everything and everyone—all fun, no malice.

... *The All Star Review*

"Out in front by a nose" is the prediction for the All Star Review, and that's quite a winner when the proboscis in question is the frontispiece of his majesty, Jimmy Durante. Durante, Umbriago and a cast "numbering in da numbas" highlight the show in turn with other headline emcees, Danny Thomas, Ed Wynn and Jack Carson . . . four ample reasons why the All Star Revue promises a scriptful of laughs to the nation's TViewers.

... The Railroad Hour

Monday means music on NBC, starting on the dot at eight, railroad time, when the roar of the wheels signals the arrival of the Railroad Hour, a streamlined carnival of original musicales featuring the best remembered tunes of the past and present. Co-stars Gordon MacRae and Miss Dorothy Warenskjold are your singing hosts, Carmen Dragon has the very apt title of Conductor for the Railroad Orchestra, Norman Luboff leads the chorus.

... The Telephone Hour

Continuing in the Monday Music Mood, a roster of distinguished concert stars selected by conductor Donald Voorhees makes a cross-country call each week on the Telephone Hour, singing the music for which they are noted in the same mood and style which has made them famous. Stars such as Helen Traubel return to the platform each week accompanied by Mr. Voorhees and the fifty-seven-piece Bell Symphonic Orchestra in a welcomed traditional series.

... Voice of Firestone

Radio's longest running network program, the distinguished Voice of Firestone, has been a welcome musical treat since its first broadcast December 3, 1928. Since 1928, there have been only four regular conductors of the orchestra, the eminent Howard Barlow took over the current assignment from Alfred Wallenstein in 1943. This program was first of its kind to be a TV series and now is enjoyed simultaneously on radio and TV every Monday evening.

... Band of America

The Band of America has a universal appeal, but has become the particular favorite of the three million Americans who themselves play in a band of one sort or another. Under the direction of Paul LaValle, the forty-eight-piece band is renowned as specialists in stirring march techniques. LaValle selects the music to show off the virtuoso qualities of brass and woodwind, featuring many players who are alumni of John Philip Sousa's famous band.

RADIO-TV MIRROR'S

daytime fashions

Some dream of diamonds, or convertibles a mile long—but show us the woman anywhere who doesn't dream of beautiful furs! Time was when they were just that—dreams with no chance of coming true. But now you can have dreamy furs at purse-practical prices! For example, these—coat, jacket, stole, as you prefer—modeled by Charlotte Manson (who plays Randy McHugh on King's Row, M-F, 3:15 P.M., EST, over CBS stations, sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive-Peet). Now, dream away!

Nowadays, furriers do a terrific job making furs look like other—and more expensive—ones, like this fool-you-completely jacket, which started life as rabbit but now, dyed black, honestly looks like seal! The lines are tailored, with straight cut sleeves and body; length-wise it's perfect for, twenty-seven inches long, it's just long enough to cover your suit coat. Nice touches: the little collar, slit pockets. Also in navy, brown, beige, nutria, gray. Sizes 9-17 and 10-20, about $60 plus tax. Close-fitting Little Lady hat by Laddie Northridge. For contrast, pale and pretty gloves by Superb.

ALL THESE FURS AVAILABLE AT STORES LISTED ON PAGE 92.

for you

The soft look, the luxury look: flawless example of beautiful fur beautifully priced! Sheered racoon, which in its natural color looks like nutria, featured here in the new honey beige, striking over a dark dress or suit. Plain front can be worn tuxedo-style; deep cuffs are adjustable, look smartest three-quarter length; supple lines of the back flow free. In sizes 9-17, 10-20. Thirty-six inches long. Priced about $400 plus tax in the natural shade, $500 plus tax in lovely honey beige.

If you long to be elegant—is there anyone in the house who doesn't?—this stole is for you. It's ranch mink dyed marmot, made up to look for all the world like the real thing. Important to consider: the skins are let out—worked like mink, that is. Even the shape is high-style, not a straight scarf effect, but cunningly fashioned cape-wise. The tails—crowning touch—are natural ranch mink! And the price, only about $150.00 plus tax. Top off the stole's rich brown beauty with added elegance; long, crushed-down gloves of pure white, Harry Sperling's face-flattering, little beaded hat.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE GALLERY OF AMERICA HOUSE.

Hard-working dreamer

Jack's wife, the former Julie London, gave up the films in order to take care of Jack, his collections, and their baby.

JACK WEBB, super-talented creator, director and star of NBC's Dragnet and Pete Kelly's Blues, is not exactly a dreamer—certainly not a lazy-boned character who falls asleep over his fishing pole. What his friends mean when describing him as a "dreamer" is merely that he's so wrapped up in his work and ideals that he seems to be living in another world.

As a matter of fact, he is. And it's a very good world for his productions have been rightfully acclaimed among the best on radio. But about that business of being hard-working . . . "I don't burn the midnight oil," Jack protests. "It's senseless to drive yourself."

So he doesn't work hard: only fourteen hours a day, seven days a week. His lovely wife, Julie London, knows that if she doesn't tip-toe into the den with something tempting, hot and nourishing, Jack will forget to eat. Most of the time anyway, she mourns, he ignores the food and reaches only for the coffee. Jack refuses to relax until

If you really work at your dreams, they are bound to come to life. Dragnet's Jack Webb is the man who knows—from long experience

It pays to collect! His collection of old jazz records and a 1920 cornet resulted in the airing of Pete Kelly's Blues.

"Kitten on the Keys!" Never too young to start, pin-up girl, Stacy, has already mastered her Dad's famous player piano.

work is finished—which is lucky for his millions of listeners who have come to expect top quality performances each week.

"But get this," Jack admits, "I once thought Dragnet lacked listener appeal. I was about ready to sell it down the river."

The impressive facts are that in its two years of air life, Dragnet has won seven citations, including RADIO-TV MIRROR Magazine's own Award; twice it has been runner-up for the coveted Peabody award, and its Hooper ratings just continue to soar, bettering its strongest competitors in the field.

"I almost undersold the public," Jack confesses. "I'd been schooled by people who said the radio public was comprised of twelve-year-old mentalities—the kind who prefer tripe to truth." Then Jack adds, "It's about time that radio heads woke up."

Dragnet, good drama but definitely not documentary, is based on authentic cases, real environment with detectives who talk, live and act like real city police. Sgt. Joe Friday, lead (*Continued on page* 80)

A moment of relaxation with the family canine in one hand, and a cool drink in the other, is just the pause that gathers new energy and sends Jack studio bound.

Dragnet, Thurs. 9 P.M. EST. Sponsor Liggett & Myers for Fatima Cigarettes. NBC stations.

How to help your

BY THEODORE GRANIK
American Forum of the Air: 2:30 P.M. EST, NBC-TV, sponsor, Bohn Aluminum & Brass; 2:30 P.M. EST, NBC, sponsor, American Trucking Associations. Both programs Sunday.

OCCASIONALLY a friend will ask how I get so many things done without too much strain on temper, health and efficiency. "Have a Hannah in your home!" I answer.

My friends of course, as well as most of my business associates, know who Hannah is. She's the girl I married twenty years ago, the year I started my law practice. Even before our marriage, when we were still in school, she began to help me with my work, and now I think she is an outstanding example of the way a woman can help the man she loves to get ahead in his chosen field. Although Hannah has continued to work side by side with me all through our married life, I feel sure that even a strictly home-keeping wife can help her husband in many of the ways in which my wife has helped me.

Managing the children, for instance—in our case, Bill who is fourteen, and Marion, ten. Running the house smoothly. Remaining calm when I get upset and excited. Adjusting meal hours and social dates to my frantic schedule of business appointments, telephone calls at all hours, frequent trips away from home. Keeping me from acting on impulse when I am angry or under pressure. Never neglecting the small details and rising to every big emergency.

I met Hannah when we were sixteen and fourteen, respectively, at a local tennis tournament in Brooklyn, where we both lived. That very first day, I rode her home on my bicycle. I guess you might say it was the beginning of our romance. While I was still going to City College, in 1926, I had a job as secretary to a vice president of Gimbel's department store, and later I began to work for their radio station, WGBS, still going to school at night. Hannah helped even then, by typing up my lecture notes for me. (Incidentally, we wrote the same short-

GIVE your husband good advice—but if he goes against it, restrain your I-told-you-so impulse

25th

anniversary

husband get ahead

hand system so could exchange little messages that my young sister couldn't read!)

While I was studying law at St. John's University, I originated and became moderator of a weekly radio program called Law for the Layman, over WGBS, on which various authorities discussed common legal problems in simple, down-to-earth terms. Hannah would go to the radio station with me, take shorthand notes of the speeches, type them at once and divide the list of papers in which we wanted publicity for the program. One of us would take the uptown list, the other the downtown, and after the releases were all distributed we would meet at some little restaurant to eat and talk. When WGBS was sold two years later I went over to WOR and started a discussion program we called the WOR Forum Hour, the forerunner of the American Forum of the Air on radio, and now on television too.

All through the years when I was beginning my law practice, when I was Assistant District Attorney of New York County during 1934 to 1937, and from 1937 to 1941 when I acted as counsel to the United States Housing Authority, Hannah helped keep the program going. The war increased my duties and in 1941 I became civilian aide to Major General Lewis Hershey, head of the draft, later serving as a special adviser to Donald Nelson on the War Production Board. Without Hannah, I could not have taken on these added responsibilities.

I could name dozens of ways, large and small, in which she made it possible for me to concentrate on my work. That matter of handling the kids, for instance. When we are working on the script Sunday morning, Bill and Marion have been taught they are not to interrupt. They sometimes come quietly into the room and listen as I dictate (*Please turn to page* 79)

***EXCHANGING** notes with wives of business associates —notes, not gossip!—can help a great deal*

***A GOOD** wife is a good hostess. And a good mother—keeps children busy when Daddy works at home*

Treasury men in action

High society in Boston—and The Case of the Diamond Necklace

1. Ellen and Edward Dawson (Ethel Remey and Horace Braham) have asked Martha Newton (Grace Kelly) to take to their daughter in England a diamond necklace she wanted to wear at a ball.

2. Martha agrees. The Dawsons declare the necklace at the pier and bring it to her cabin for her. Their daughter is to wear it one evening and return it. Customs takes a strange interest.

3. On the boat Martha meets Peter Courtney (Martin Brook) who seems to be charmed by her. He persuades her to wear the necklace one night, seems just a little too curious about it.

4. On the return trip, Peter is again on the boat. Martha finds him in her cabin, accuses him of being a jewel thief. She will not let him explain, but insists his attentions were false.

5. Peter sends a cable in her name to the Dawsons saying she is worried about the necklace. They come to the pier, offer to pay duty. Peter identifies himself as a T-Man. arrests them.

6. Customs chief (Walter Greaza) explains that the Dawsons substituted a fake necklace when they went to Martha's cabin. Their daughter kept that one and gave Martha a real necklace to return—making her a smuggler. Martha forgives Peter and the two walk away together.

25th NBC anniversary

Treasury Men in Action is seen Thursday at 8:30 P.M. EST over NBC television stations; sponsored by Borden.

she's Engaged...

Next spring wedding bells will ring for Betty Jeanne Dixon of South Hadley, and Lt. Stanley Marshall Prouty, Jr. They announced their engagement at his West Point graduation. They'll have a military wedding in May—Betty Jeanne will be a *darling* bride.

she's Lovely

Betty is charming as a Dresden figurine, with blue eyes and an *exquisite* complexion. Her lovely face gives you a provocative glimpse of her delightful Inner Self. Betty Jeanne goes to your heart at first glance.

Betty's Ring

Betty Jeanne Dixon has the *loveliest* complexion. "I always use Pond's Cold Cream," she says.

she uses Pond's

"Look your prettiest and you feel more poised"

...*says* **Betty Jeanne**

A gay and happy *confidence* bolsters you when you know you look your very nicest.

Betty feels that every girl's first step towards looking her best is clean, soft skin.

"I couldn't skip my nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream," Betty says. "It's a beauty routine that really pays off—makes my skin feel superbly *smooth* and *clean.*"

Your skin, too, will love the soft smoothness that comes from using Pond's faithfully. Do it as Betty does, every night (day face cleansings, too). *This is the way:*

Hot Stimulation—give face a good hot water splashing.

Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—more Pond's now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—give face a tonic cold water splash.

Now—a *wonderful* reward! That glowing complexion that smiles from your mirror!

It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. When you know you look your prettiest self, a captivating confidence sparkles in your face—attracts others to you *on sight!*

Start now to help your face show a lovelier You!

R
M

JUST ONCE IN A LIFETIME

(*Continued from page* 33) probably would have remained a vivid memory. It started when she put the telephone down none too gently in its cradle after talking to a fellow radio actor, Chester Stratton. Betty's usually smiling blue eyes held a touch of fire as she considered the situation. How could a man be so absent-minded, she asked herself impatiently. Shrugging her shoulders, silently steaming about men, men, men, she made her way through her neat living room into the bedroom of her high-ceilinged, two-room apartment. Passing by the coffee table, she gave it a kick. That made her feel a little—not much—better.

Chester Stratton, the object of Betty's momentary irritation, was then playing her husband on the daytime serial, Pepper Young's Family. Chester has now gone on to other roles in radio and on the stage. On that evening four years ago, however, he was in the position of having to wiggle out of Betty's mental doghouse.

"I WASN'T really angry at all," Betty now says with typical femininity, the kind that belies just how irked she was at the moment. "The truth was that Chet had invited me to the big, once-a-year celebration put on by the American Federation of Radio Artists—their big, wonderful ball. Everybody, just everybody in radio, would be there and I was getting dressed up in a special dress, when Chet called me.

"He was pretty apologetic about the whole thing. The truth finally came out —a month before he'd asked another girl to go to the ball with him and had forgotten all about it. Forgotten all about it, that is, until she called that noon to find out what time he was picking her up for their date! I could understand—what person doesn't do some such silly thing at one time in his life?

"By the time Chet telephoned he had the ideal solution, however . . . at least ideal from his point of view—and, as it turned out, more than ideal from mine! He'd invited a group of people to form a sort of party—no one would go with anyone special. I was to be a blind date for one of four bachelors who were joining the group."

Not at all the type to be downed for long, Betty put on her specially-bought-for-the-occasion dress. She made a mental note as she went out of the door to get in Chet's already crowded car to let nothing, just nothing, spoil her evening. Her deep-set blue eyes matched the sparkle of her smile as she was introduced to the other men and women in Chet's "party." Was it any wonder that, arriving at the ball, she found all four bachelors paying attention to her? And one in particular noticing little else? He was a quiet fellow who enjoyed just sitting beside her. He was slender, with penetrating blue eyes and wavy hair that fell carelessly down on his forehead no matter how many times he brushed his fingers back through it.

The music was beautiful, the show magnificent and the conversation stimulating. But long after the music of the evening had faded and the point of the amusing stories forgotten, Betty was remembering—yes, even dreaming—about the quiet man, whose name was Walter Brooke. And when he called a week later to ask, a little hesitantly, for his first date alone with her—not quite knowing whether Betty, the popular radio actress, would remember a man she met in a crowd—she not only remembered but hastened to say she'd be delighted to accept his invitation.

"It didn't happen in that 'I took one look at you' fashion that makes the love scenes so delightful in a play or a movie," Betty says. "With Walter and me, everything was sort of gradual—but wonderful!"

During the months that sped swiftly into a year, then two, then three, Walter was getting his start in radio. He'd been away in Europe for five years in the armed services. Walter was having the same struggle many servicemen had during that period, trying to pick up the threads of living he'd dropped when duty called. Betty was busy with the part that has grown up with her in radio since the days when she was snatched from the Madge Tucker children's shows to play Peggy Young in Pepper Young's Family.

Like all young lovers, they explored the romantic restaurants so plentiful in Manhattan. Together, on free Sundays, they would take to the roads leading up through Connecticut or upper New York state or into New England, in search of antique treasures, gathering them for their apartments in New York. Each piece . . . a vase, a tiny bit of crockery, a footstool or a chair . . . was a reminder of a day spent together, a day of fun and companionship each treasured.

Then Walter toured through the Eastern states with Franchot Tone in "Second Man," and stayed at a place called The Inn at Buckhill Falls, Pennsylvania.

"He liked the Pocono Mountains and Buckhill Falls so much he wanted to take me there and show me how beautiful it all was," Betty remembers, half-smiling and a little shy. "He thought—well, he thought it would be a nice place for a honeymoon and asked me to set the date."

AND A DATE it was: January 14, 1951. Betty and Walter said their solemn pledge in the First Presbyterian Church in Mount Vernon, New York, before the Rev. Melvin J. Joachim, and then took the winter highway to the Poconos. There in The Inn, in the valley beside the falls, they had their honeymoon. It was as beautiful as Walter had hoped his bride would find it. Skiing together on the gentle slopes, hiking through the woods on the brisk winter days with the sun shining warm through the pine trees, sitting in the front of the roaring fire in the evening, alone in a world just for two, Betty and Walter began their marriage.

Just before Betty was married, she and Walter were frantically trying to find some place suitable to live. Walter had a two-room apartment and so did Betty, but neither apartment was exactly suitable as a home they'd want for years to come. Then Betty's landlord phoned.

"Do you think it's because I'm a radio actress, that everything dramatic happens to me over a telephone?" Betty asks delightedly. "I'd completely forgotten, what with the rush of Christmas and our getting ready to be married, that about two years before I'd put my name down for a bigger apartment right here in my own apartment house. The landlord was calling to find out if I'd be interested in an eight-room place that a woman was just vacating. She picked just the right time to move!"

Betty immediately phoned Walter and asked him if he'd come over and look at it with her. Within twenty-four hours, Walter and Betty had completed all negotiations, and the eight rooms, plus hallways and baths and fireplaces in almost every room, was set as their future home.

ANYONE with less energy in reserve than Boulder Dam would have shuddered at the prospect, however, of the floor sanding, the paint removing, the cabinet building that would have to go into the apartment to make it the dream honeymoon-house of the Brookes. But that is just how much energy those two have—and how much they've expended in making their rooms warm and livable. Despite the fact that Walter does at least one television show a week (with a forty-hour rehearsal period on almost every one), and in spite of Betty's working at her daily radio show plus a few extras, the young couple has found time to dream and plan—and finally execute—some of their own plans for delightful living.

In just eight months, they've removed paint to uncover beautiful brass and tile around one fireplace, they're removed huge wooden shutters in their eighteen-foot-high living-room and replaced them with Venetian blinds. Walter has built shelves going up the side of the windows where the shutters used to be, and there Betty has placed the antique treasures they found in their courting days. Walter has sanded down giant closets of their own design while Betty stood by with the vacuum cleaner to collect the sanding dust. Together they've painted and waxed and polished and improved.

Together, too, they are pushing ahead toward their goal in show business. Right now, they are working with a friend of theirs on a musical comedy which he has written, and which will have Betty as the singing lead and Walter as leading man.

"I guess we're luckier than most." Betty says seriously. "Our interests are the same, our work is the same. We can do everything together." Betty even manages to share Walter's feeling for helping veterans who were not as lucky as he. Together they work with the Veterans' Hospital Radio Guild. Walter and Betty go to Castle Point and Kingsbridge Hospitals to help the patients develop their talent. The patients put on their own shows and Betty and Walter teach them radio techniques. Walter, who is an excellent photographer, also works with patients in this field.

If doing things together is any test of the goodness of a marriage, the strength of a union, then Betty and Walter have one of the best marriages in history. A marriage that will truly last forever.

THE STORY OF NBC'S QUARTER CENTURY

(*Continued from page* 29) in a 1944 letter to Brigadier General David Sarnoff, the leader of RCA and NBC, "Your organization throughout the years has created new wonders and brought into being services in all phases of radio activity for the benefit of the American people and for people everywhere."

But let's go back to the beginning, to 1926—and what a curious year it was. Little boys were still dressed up in Lord Fauntleroy suits and women, dressed in the hipless and bosomless vogue, were so shapeless that the highest compliment paid a fashionable lady was, "My dear, you've got practically nothing." That year, a teen-aged girl, Gertrude Ederle, swam the English Channel and Gene Tunney upset the fighting odds by beating the Manassa Mauler. Hollywood lost its greatest romantic hero, Rudolph Valentino, and in the same year released an earlier version of its current colossus, "Ben Hur." And radio—well, it was a lusty, overgrown child, feeling its growing pains.

Six years earlier, in 1920, Dr. Frank Conrad, a pioneer radio engineer in Pittsburgh, had broadcast the returns of the Harding-Cox election. That little spark did it. A national craze for broadcasting developed instantly. In the next few years, it seemed that everyone who owned a phonograph and a few records opened a station. By 1922 there were six hundred stations and in 1926, about seven hundred. No one really cared too much about quality or programming.

Four mighty titans of American industry got together that year to make order out of chaos: General Guy E. Tripp, Chairman of the Board of Westinghouse; General James G. Harbord, President of RCA; Owen D. Young, Chairman of the Board of General Electric and, also, of the Radio Corporation of America; David Sarnoff, then Vice President and General Manager of RCA. Their meeting resulted in the formation of radio's first network, the National Broadcasting Company, so named because the men intended the service to be national in scope—although initially there were only twenty-five stations that carried north to Portland, Maine, west to Minneapolis and south as far as St. Louis.

"From the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York," the announcer began, "we bring you the inaugural broadcast of the National Broadcasting Company." So he addressed the microphone—and the first network studio audience of one thousand men and women in sparkling evening attire. Among the announcers that evening were these who would become famous in radio: Ted Husing, Milton Cross and Graham McNamee. The best music of the land was represented by the New York Symphony, the band of Edwin Franko Goldman and the popular orchestras of George Olsen, B. A. Rolfe, Vincent Lopez and Ben Bernie. But history was made with the performances of Mary Garden and Will Rogers.

The announcer noted, "Mr. Rogers will speak before a microphone installed in

FELSO

WASHES EVERYTHING BETTER!

...and so gentle on hands!

There's only one "proof of the pudding" when you buy washing products. That's to try them . . . at home . . . with your own wash. Compare . . . feel your FELSO-clean clothes.

Try FELSO. You'll see that gentle just-right suds give you the freshest, most fragrant, sweetest-smelling wash. Did you ever see whiter sheets and shirts . . . brighter, more colorful prints? Did you ever feel softer, fluffier laundry . . . or any so easy to iron? And how soft and smooth your hands are after you use FELSO.

the dressing room of the theatre in which he is appearing in Independence, Kansas."

The beloved humorist came on and the audience sat up, for this was radio's newest miracle—transmitting a voice half the breadth of the country. As one newspaper reported the next day, "The event proved that there were no physical confines to the broadcasting studio. Mary Garden's voice was picked up from Chicago, Will Rogers spoke from Kansas and the entire program was rendered as though hundreds of miles did not separate these performers from the broadcasting studio."

It was the beginning of a network that today embraces one hundred and eighty-eight radio and sixty-three television stations, reaching sixty-four million families in every part of the country.

But the picture in 1926 was quite different. Radio was just coming out of the primitive stage. Only five million homes were equipped with receivers—many of them crystal or battery types, for in that year the electric plug-in set first reached the market. NBC then owned two stations in New York, WEAF and WJZ, flagships of the Red and Blue Networks. In those days, both operations functioned with about one hundred and sixty engineers, while today NBC alone requires one thousand and eighty-five.

The eight studios NBC owned in 1926 were adequate, for few programs were rehearsed. Today, NBC has some thirty studios and not only may most of them be in use but frequently there are as many as four or five programs being simultaneously produced, for the network may be split and NBC will be feeding different shows to different groups of stations.

And what was programming like in the early years? Classical, semi-classical and dance music dominated the network. The country's favorite orchestras were the A & P Gypsies, Nathaniel Shilkret's, Harry Reser's Cliquot Club Eskimos and B. A. Rolfe's first Lucky Strike Dance Band. Another institution in early radio was the early morning physical instructor with his much-too-cheerful voice.

The first big personality in the network operations was Rudy Vallee, not only because he reigned for ten years (1929-1939) as the national favorite, but during that time discovered and introduced show people who were to become radio stars in their own right. Among many of his "finds" were Bob Hope, Judy Canova, Alice Faye, Olsen and Johnson and Joan Davis.

Vallee, perhaps more than any other entertainer at that time, owed his phenomenal success to the magic of radio. One day he was just another young bandleader prepared to spend years getting public recognition. His music was picked up by NBC from a night club, and next day his name was on the lips of thousands. Never before in history had an entertainer—or any man—been able to reach so many people. The stars NBC introduced to Americans in ensuing years reads like the Who's Who of show business: just a few of them were Amos 'n' Andy, Eddie Cantor, Ed Wynn, Joe Penner, Lanny Ross, Fred Allen, Bing Crosby, Edgar Bergen, Jack Benny, Red Skelton, Fibber McGee and Molly and Fanny Brice. Today the search for stars goes on, for NBC has never restricted auditioning to the few who "know the right person."

The new year of 1927 was celebrated by NBC with the first coast-to-coast hookup in the history of commercial radio. From Pasadena, California, Graham McNamee reported the Rose Bowl Game as Alabama beat Stanford, seven to six. Two years later, NBC was the first network to broadcast the Kentucky Derby, with Clem McCarthy at the mike.

NBC "firsts" are legion but in every great organization that pioneers there is usually one man who is greatly responsible for its achievements. NBC has such a great figure in David Sarnoff, the American most responsible for the development of radio and television.

The story of David Sarnoff is an inpiring drama, typical of so many men of his stature. Born in Uzlian, Russia, in 1891, he was brought by his parents to the United States at the age of nine. He was the oldest of five youngsters and with the death of his father, he became the main support of the family.

In turn, he was a newsboy, delivery boy and messenger. It was on the last job, working for the Commercial Cable Company, that he got his initial start in communications. Earning but five dollars a week, he managed to save enough money for the purchase of a telegraph instrument and learned the Morse Code.

At the age of fifteen, he applied for a job as a junior operator with Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company, the industry built up by Guglielmo Marconi, "the father of the wireless." Young Sarnoff got his interview—and was offered work as an office boy at five dollars and fifty cents a week. He took the job, and there began his years of study in technical books. A year later, he went to a lonely wireless station on Nantucket Island at sixty dollars a month—not because of the increase in pay but because, again, there was a good technical library at the outpost. Two years later he transferred back to New York, taking a pay cut, so he could study electrical engineering at Pratt Institute.

Still not old enough to vote, Sarnoff tried his hand as a marine telegraph operator aboard the *S. S. Beothic* on a seal-hunting expedition. On this job he attempted the first medical treatment by radio when he learned that a wireless operator at Labrador was ill. But the experience that first brought him to public attention occurred as a result of the disastrous wreck of the *S. S. Titanic.*

Sarnoff was then employed as a wireless operator by John Wanamaker who had decided to equip his New York and Philadelphia stores with the most powerful radio stations that could be designed. Sarnoff, sitting at his instrument in New York on the night of April 14, 1912, was startled to pick up the message: "*S. S. Titanic* ran into iceberg. Sinking fast."

For the next seventy-two hours, Sarnoff sat at his post straining to catch every signal. By order of the President of the United States, every other wireless station in the country was closed to stop interference. One thousand, five hundred and seventeen of the passengers drowned. but seven hundred and seven floated with the wreckage. Not until three days and three nights after the first message came in, did Sarnoff call his job done.

This, of course, was dot-dash communication, although the first experiment in broadcasting voice had started in 1906. Only scientists were much interested in projecting the voice through ether when Sarnoff, back with the Marconi Company as Assistant Traffic Manager in 1906, sent his now famous memorandum to the General Manager: "I have in mind a plan of development," he wrote, "which would make radio a household utility in the same sense as a piano or phonograph. The idea is to bring music into the home by wireless."

His memorandum received little attention, for the company was too involved in establishing trans-oceanic radio telegraphic communications. It wasn't till 1922 that Sarnoff, as an executive of RCA, saw receivers manufactured and sold. Sarnoff, along with Marconi, was the great pioneer in radio. His enthusiasm has never flagged in both scientific and cultural achievement in radio and television.

Today Brigadier General Sarnoff is Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer of RCA, exercising general supervision over the operations of the company. He also serves as Chairman of the Board of RCA Communications and as Director of the National Broadcasting Company. He must look back with great pride on the achievements of the past twenty-five years, but he would be the first to agree that it is the American people who have made NBC a living, forceful medium. For broadcasting is like no other business—what you see or hear over the network is nothing more than a reflection of your interests.

HELP

. . . police find the fugitive criminal named and described on the "True Detective Mysteries" radio program every Sunday afternoon.

$1000.00 REWARD

. . . is offered for information leading to the arrest of any one of these criminals. Hear the details about this $1000.00 reward on "True Detective Mysteries".

"TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES"

Every Sunday Afternoon on 523 Mutual Stations

Program highlights in television viewing

New York City and Suburbs and New Haven Channel 6
October 11—November 10

Monday through Friday

11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6
The quiz show with a heart. Warren Hull, emcee.

11:30 A.M. Dennis James Show • 7
Denny's new show built around rhyming contests and satires on household problems.

12:00 Noon Ruth Lyons' 50 Club • 4
Ruth, blonde, blue eyed, fortyish, conducts a folksy-chatter program with music, interviews.

12:00 Noon Langford & Ameche • 7
Frances and Don with casual, friendly mid-day music; a daily "Hang the Star" quiz.

1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2 & 6
More Moore is the way audiences react to antics of Garry and Durward Kirby, who began his career with student-announcing at Purdue.

2:30 P.M. First Hundred Years • 2
The problems of a young couple—Olive Stacey and Jimmy Lydon—and their families. (Ten hours rehearsal time goes into each daily segment.)

3:00 P.M. Miss Susan • 4
Daytime serial of the life of a woman attorney, starring Susan Peters, who thinks she has set the world record by catching measles six times.

3:30 P.M. Fashion Magic • 2
Tuesdays only, but a show not to be missed as hostess Arlene Francis reveals the tricky art of making the most of milady's wardrobe.

3:30 P.M. Bert Parks Show • 4 & 6 (M, W, F)
The human dynamo's variety-audience participation show with singing comedienne Betty Ann Grove, plus Bobby Sherwood's quintet and the lovely Heathertones.

3:30 P.M. Bill Goodwin Show • 4 (T, Th)
Fun-loving Goodwin, ex-associate of Burns and Allen, in 30 minutes of audience participation and music, featuring Eileen Barton.

4:00 P.M. Kate Smith Show • 4 (& 6 at 4:30)
Full-hour variety managed by Ted Collins. Leading lady Kate, during World War II, sold 500 million dollars' worth of war bonds.

5:00 P.M. Bob Dixon • 2
You couldn't do better than dial this on for your child and yourself, too. Adventure, stories and wood-lore by Sheriff Bob, who once worked as a guide in the White Mountains.

5:00 P.M. Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6,200 • 4
Day-by-day story of life in a small American town. Cast: Arthur Peterson, Bruce Dane, others.

5:30 P.M. Howdy Doody • 4 & 6
Fun and frolic for youngsters.

7:00 P.M. Kukla, Fran and Ollie • 4 & 6
Gentle, patient Fran Allison, earnest Kukla and roguish Ollie with their wonderful humor.

7:00 P.M. Captain Video • 5
Electrifying adventures of the electronic age with Al Hodges and Don Hasting in lead roles.

7:15 P.M. Candid Camera • 7 (M, W, F)
Slices of life, originated and produced by Allen Funt, the bland young man whose dead-pan conversations started with Candid Microphone.

7:30 P.M. Mohawk Showroom • 4 & 6 (M, W, F)
A musical pick-up with singer-pianist star Roberta Quinlan.

7:30 P.M. The Little Show • 4 (T, Th)
Intimate musical-variety series starring John Conte, guests and Three Beaus and the Peep.

7:45 P.M. Perry Como Show • 2 (M, W, F)
Mr. Calm-and-collected Como backed up by the Fontane Sisters and Mitchell Ayres.

7:45 P.M. News Caravan • 4 & 6
John Cameron Swayze, born and raised in Kansas, with the day's events in voice and picture.

Monday P.M.

7:30 P.M. Hollywood Screen Test • 7
The "proving grounds" for neophyte actors as Neil Hamilton offers screen tests.

8:00 P.M. Lux Video Theatre • 2 & 6
Outstanding stars of stage and screen in stories with a strong dramatic impact.

8:00 P.M. Paul Winchell Show • 4
Paul Winchell, who won first prize on the Major Bowes show at thirteen, with his precocious puppet, Jerry Mahoney, in a musical-variety quiz.

8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2
About half a million people have applied for auditions on Arthur's show. The very best contend for audience ratings on the applause meter.

8:30 P.M. Voice of Firestone • 4 & 6
Distinguished American conductor Howard Barlow and stellar vocalists of opera and concert hall.

9:00 P.M. Lights Out • 4
Specializing in tales of the supernatural as spirits appear out of nowhere and men walk through walls. Frank Gallop is weird narrator.

9:00 P.M. Wrestling with Dennis James • 5
From matside at Columbia Park, N. J., Dennis grapples with the mike as stage-struck bone-crushers grind their teeth and try for a fall.

9:30 P.M. Maugham Theatre • 4
Drama based on the works of the distinguished author, W. Somerset Maugham, who resides in southern France. Oct. 15 & 29. Alternating with—

Robert Montgomery Presents
Full-hour drama adapted from noted Broadway plays, produced and narrated by star of stage and screen, Robert Montgomery. Oct. 22 & Nov. 5.

10:00 P.M. Studio One • 2 & 6
Producer Worthington C. Minor works on the principle that video viewers always deserve better than they are getting which may account for awards this dramatic show constantly wins.

Tuesday

7:30 P.M. Beulah • 7
Family comedy featuring droll housekeeper, Beulah, played by Hattie McDaniel, whose acting career was inspired by winning a Denver School medal for a recitation. Others in cast: Butterfly McQueen, William Post, Jr., Ginger Jones.

8:00 P.M. Frank Sinatra Show • 2
Frankie's new hour show premieres this month. Many songs by your host plus lively, entertainment-packed variety with star guests.

8:00 P.M. Texaco Star Theatre • 4 & 6
Science's answer to perpetual motion, Milton Berle, in a fast and furious 60 minutes of gags, gals, music, dance and top-notch variety.

8:00 P.M. Charlie Wild, Private Detective • 7
Crime melodrama opening in the office of Wild, a tough-guy detective who has a way with the women. 34-year-old John McQuade in title role.

8:30 P.M. Johns Hopkins Science Review • 5
So successful and popular is this series in adult education, created by Johns Hopkins University, that telecasters in France and England plan to use the show. Lynn Poole is host.

8:30 P.M. Juvenile Jury • 9
A panel of youngsters who solve problems of their contemporaries. Jack Barry moderates.

9:00 P.M. Crime Syndicated • 2
Rudolph Halley, former chief counsel for the Senate Crime Investigating Committee, narrates factual dramatizations of organized crime.

9:00 P.M. Fireside Theatre • 4
If you like your video drama with whimsical personalities or a surprise twist on an amusing level, then this is for you. Filmed in Hollywood and cast with screen actors.

9:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Bands • 5
Popular announcer Don Russell is your host to top name bands and their unique song interpretations along with Broadway variety acts.

9:00 P.M. Q.E.D. • 7
Colorful emcee Fred Uttal builds mystery stories from material contributed by televiewers, inciting panelists to the solution. Guests plus regulars: Hi Brown and Richard Himber.

9:00 P.M. Boxing • 9
From Westchester County Center, Stan Lomax and Dick Nesbitt handle the mike for professional fights scheduled by matchmaker Joe McKenna.

9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2 & 6
Tight, taut mystery drama on this award-winning show. Robert Stevens, producer-director, varies stories of pure fiction with documentary material.

9:30 P.M. Circle Theatre • 4
Nelson Case, a graduate of William and Mary College, is host to dramas about experiences of real people in real situations, star-cast.

9:30 P.M. Life Begins at Eighty • 7
The oldsters, with wit and wisdom, tackle problems both sensible and senseless. Panelists: 86-year-old pixie Georgiana Carhart, her wry cohort, 84-year-old Fred Stein, and other young-in-heart guests. Jack Barry, very young, moderates.

10:00 P.M. Danger • 2
Week in, week out, one of the best mystery dramatic series on TV with excellent scripts, originals and adaptations from classic whodunits. Produced by Charles W. Russell, veteran actor.

Wednesday

8:00 P.M. Godfrey and Friends • 2 & 6
Arthur, who made his debut at $5 a performance billed as the Warbling Banjoist, chortles his way through a lively, happy variety show with companions Frank Parker, Haleloke, Marion Marlowe, Janette Davis, the Chordettes, Mariners and Archie Bleyer's fine orchestra.

8:00 P.M. Kate Smith Show • 4
Kate, who has skyrocketed to fame once again via video, and producer-manager Ted Collins present TV's star comedians, Hollywood actors in dramatic spots and other variety acts.

9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6
Contestants are chosen by written application on the basis of their need for cash. Winners earn up to $500 from emcee Warren Hull, an expert baker, who specializes in apple pies.

9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4
A four-year reputation for excellent video fare is maintained by alternating directors Maury Holland and Stan Quinn. Good, honest drama cast with Broadway actors rather than big names.

9:00 P.M. Don McNeill's TV Club • 7
From Chicago, the country's most popular club, presided over by Don, himself, and his roster of friends, including Sam Cowling, Fran Allison, vocalists Peggy Lee and Johnny Desmond, and Ed Ballantine and his orchestra.

9:30 P.M. The Web • 2
Recommended without reservation to mystery lovers. Excellent whodunits and suspense tales adapted from stories by Mystery Writers of America. Produced by actor-director Franklin Heller.

9:30 P.M. Shadow of the Cloak • 5
Drama of international racketeers and intrigue starring Helmut Dantine as Peter House, agent for International Security Intelligence.

9:30 P.M. Wrestling • 7 (& 6 at 11:00 P.M.)
From the Rainbo Arena in Chicago, Wayne Griffin calls the holds as the "Daring Dans" of the wrestling world make with both kinds of gags.

10:00 P.M. International Boxing Club • 2 & 6
Many of the best bouts of the day featured on this show. Russ Hodges handles mike coverage.

10:00 P.M. Break the Bank • 4
Bert Parks, who once announced a marble contest but still doesn't know from miggles, quizzes studio contestants with category questions which pay from ten to 500 dollars with the huge cash bank building up its reserve for the big winner. Bud Collyer, host. Music by Pete Van Steeden.

10:00 P.M. Playwrights' Theatre • 7
A new, ambitious, full-hour dramatic show, bidding for top honors on TV. The works of such authors as Philip Barry, Eugene O'Neill, Maxwell Anderson and others will be presented exclusively with no expense spared in casting and production. Biweekly: Oct. 17, "Susan and God" by Rachel Crothers, Oct. 31, "No Time For Comedy" by S. N. Behrman.

10:30 P.M. Dave Garroway Show • 4
Bespectacled, bewitched Garroway, once told to forget radio when he finished next to last at NBC's school for announcers. Others in the musical show: Cliff Norton, Betty Chapel, Jack Haskell and beautiful Connie Russell.

Thursday

7:30 P.M. The Lone Ranger • 7
Exciting episodes of the cowboy adventurer.

8:00 P.M. Burns and Allen • 2
George and his delightfully daffy spouse, Gracie, who seriously prefers canasta to bridge. Thirty minutes of domestic hijinks feature Fred Clark and Bea Benadaret as Harry and Blanche Morton. Biweekly: Oct. 11, 25, Nov. 8.

8:00 P.M. Groucho Marx • 4
The side-splitting Groucho is back, you bet your life, with questions that earn winners up to $320 and a jackpot of $1000 or more to the lucky couple with the highest score.

8:00 P.M. Stop the Music • 7 & 6
Bert Parks, as ever, and attractive prizes for the lesser questions with the fabulous jackpot worth up to $15,000 for the famous "mystery melody." Clues and song by Jimmy Blaine, Betty Ann Grove and Jane Morgan, the New England girl who became famous in Paris. Harry Salter's orchestra.

8:30 P.M. Amos 'n' Andy • 2
Absorbing, rib-tickling comedy concerning the "mess" or predicament of Kingfish or Andy, played by Tim Moore and Spencer Williams, Jr. Alvin Childress as Amos; Johnny Lee, Lawyer Calhoun; Ernestine Wade, Sapphire; and others.

8:30 P.M. Treasury Men in Action • 4
Integrated film and live dramatizations of stories from the closed files of the United States Treasury Department, starring Walter Greaza, veteran of 15 years of radio acting.

9:00 P.M. Alan Young Show • 2
The harried Mr. Young, who can be seen almost any Saturday afternon at a gridiron enjoying his favorite spectator sport, scores many, mighty laughs with his wonderful skits.

9:00 P.M. Ford Festival • 4
Handsome baritone James Melton, star and host in an hour of musical variety, with soprano Dorothy Warenskjold, announcer John Reed King, and musical conductor Frank Black, plus guest stars.

9:00 P.M. Ellery Queen • 5
Suave Hollywood actor Lee Bowman brings the famous fiction hero to life via video as crimes are solved with a minimum of arm muscle and a maximum of brain muscle. Florenz Ames, Ellery's father.

9:30 P.M. Big Town • 2
Danger-loaded adventures of newsman Steve Wilson, played by Pat McVey. Julie Stevens, as Loreli, also stars in Romance of Helen Trent.

9:30 P.M. Guild Theatre • 7
Top film stars in TV plays with the accent on romance and wholesome family entertainment.

10:00 P.M. Martin Kane, Private Eye • 4 & 6
Lloyd Nolan, well known for his movie characterization of Detective Michael Shayne, plays the title role in this TV crime series.

10:00 P.M. Jerry Colonna Show • 7
The mad antics of Colonna aided and abetted by lovely Barbara Ruick, announcer Del Sharbutt, comics Paul Sells and Gordon Polk. On film.

10:30 P.M. Crime Photographer • 2
Clever, adventurous sherlocking, featuring Broadway graduate Danny McGavin as Casey. Dour, put-upon Ethelbert, played by Cliff Hall, a veteran of many of George M. Cohan's loved shows.

11:00 P.M. Quick on the Draw • 4
And quick on the trigger with wit is hostess Eloise McElhone, moderator of the cartoon charade game with cartoonist Bob Durin and a quartet of competing celebrities.

Friday

7:30 P.M. Say It with Acting • 7
Svelte Maggi McNellis, whose show-biz career began as a singer, co-emcees with Bud Collyer as casts of Broadway plays compete in visual charades. Oct. 12 & 26. Alternating with—

Life with Linkletter
Filmed in Hollywood and featuring the famous amusing interviews by Art. Oct. 19 & Nov. 2.

8:00 P.M. Mama • 2 & 6
Peggy Woods as the perfect mother in this popular series set in the early part of the century. Judson Laire, Papa; Dick Van Patten, Nels; Robin Morgan, a talented ballerina, as Dagmar.

8:00 P.M. Twenty Questions • 5
With Bill Slater as emcee, the panel stars Fred VanDeventer, Florence Rinard, Herb Polesie and Johnny McFee who test their proficiency at guessing the identity of animal, vegetable or mineral.

8:00 P.M. Mystery Theatre • 7
The very popular radio show newly come to TV. High in tension and suspense. Filmed in Hollywood.

8:30 P.M. Man Against Crime • 2
Ralph Bellamy in his third season as Mike Barnett, fearless sleuth. Each story is a self-contained, fast-moving tale of death detecting.

8:30 P.M. We, the People • 4 & 6
Dan Seymour is host to the high-rated human interest show that presents colorful, newsy stories told by the people directly concerned.

9:00 P.M. Playhouse of Stars • 2
Full-hour live dramatic programs starring many of the greatest actors of our day. Producer is Felix Jackson, former Hollywood producer and writer of such hits as "Destry Rides Again."

9:00 P.M. Hands of Destiny • 5
Exciting, hair-raising drama of danger with a new, original TV play each week, cast with Broadway actors and directed by Pat Fay.

9:30 P.M. Aldrich Family • 4 & 6
The family comedy that made its radio debut back in 1939. Dick Tyler as scatter-brained Henry.

9:30 P.M. Tales of Tomorrow • 7
Exciting adult science-drama, excellently cast and produced, and adapted from the cream of science-fiction classics by famed authors.

10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Sports • 4 & 6
Veteran sports reporter Jimmy Powers is at the ringside mike as the camera focuses on big-name boxing bouts from Madison Square Garden and other New York City arenas.

10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Stars • 5
A parade of guest stars, the June Taylor dancers and your comedian-host Jackie Gleason, who broke into TV playing the title role of the Life of Riley series in 1949.

10:45 P.M. Greatest Fights of the Century • 4 & 6
Great matches out of the past on film: Oct. 12, Max Schmeling vs. Paolino Uscdun; Oct. 19, Sixto Escobar vs. Harry Jeffra, and Lou Ambers vs. Pedro Montanez; Oct. 26, Kid Chocolate vs. Fidel LaBarba; Nov. 2, Joe Louis vs. Max Schmeling, 1936; Nov. 9, Tony Zale vs. Marcel Cerdan.

Saturday

12:00 Noon Big Top • 2
All of the excitement and entertainment of a real circus. Ringmaster Jack Sterling, Joe Basile's Band, Clowns Ed McMahon and Chris Keegan.

1:15—2:45 P.M. College Football • 4 & 6
2:45 Oct. 13. S.M.U. at Notre Dame
1:45 Oct. 20, Cornell at Yale
2:15 Nov. 3, Michigan at Illinois
1:15 Nov. 10, Notre Dame at Michigan State

5:00 P.M. Italian Feature Films • 9
Full-length movies imported from Italy: Oct. 13, "Farewell, My Beautiful Naples," a musical with Fosco Giachette; Oct. 20, "This Woman is Mine"; Oct. 27, "The Thorn," musical with Franco Ricci; Nov. 10, "My Wife's Fiancee."

7:00 P.M. Sammy Kaye Show • 2
Sammy, who once studied to be a civil engineer, delivers his popular music and his "So You Want to Lead a Band" contest. Barbara Benso is the eye-and-ear catching vocalist.

7:30 P.M. Beat the Clock • 2
Steady nerves and agility help contestants on this show who try for prizes worth $100 and up by performing parlor stunts. Bud Collyer, emcee, left a law career for broadcasting.

7:30 P.M. One Man's Family • 4
Bert Lytell, 65-year-old matinee idol, as Father Barbour in this ageless family series. Marjorie Gateson as Mother Barbour.

7:30 P.M. Stu Erwin Show • 7
It's a laughing matter for everyone but Stu in the family comedy co-starring June Collyer (Erwin) with Ann Todd and Sheila James as his bright-eyed but trouble-making daughters.

8:00 P.M. Ken Murray Show • 2 & 6
Beautiful showgirls, quick-turned jokes and a big cigar signify one, Ken Murray, and a full hour of music, dance and dramatic spots.

8:00 P.M. All Star Revue • 4
A gala spectacle with some of the greatest names in show business: Oct. 13, Danny Thomas; Oct. 20, Martha Raye; Oct. 27, Victor Borge; Nov. 3, Jimmy Durante; Nov. 10, Ed Wynn.

8:00 P.M. TV Teen Club • 7
Paul Whiteman, who discovered and trained such show people as the Dorseys, Crosby, Morton Downey, and Mindy Carson, presents more stars-to-be. Nancy Lewis, co-emcee.

9:00 P.M. Wonderful Town • 2
Beautiful Faye Emerson, whose favorite hobby is still photography, takes you on a tour of America's famous cities with native sons and daughters contributing to the entertainment.

9:00 P.M. Your Show of Shows • 4 & 6
Sid Caesar, who once wanted to be a symphonic musician, shares comedy honors with rubber-faced Imogene Coca. Inspired dance and song interpretations performed by top talent with a guest star as host of the big 90 minutes.

9:30 P.M. The Show Goes on • 2 & 6
Robert Q-stands-for-nothing Lewis provides a showcase for gifted young talent and an audition office for buyers representing theatres, shows, night clubs and booking agents.

10:00 P.M. Songs for Sale • 2
Steve Allen, whose birthday falls on Xmas eve—30th coming up, interviews amateur songwriters. Guest stars perform the amateur's work and a panel of experts choose a winner for publication.

10:30 P.M. Your Hit Parade • 4 & 6
The nation's choice in top tunes, each in a different visual setting and sung by dimpled Dorothy Collins, honey-blonde Eileen Wilson and Snooky Lanson, whose real name is Roy.

Sunday

1:00 P.M. Take Another Look • 2
Film playback of Saturday's big football games with live commentary by Red Barber and analysis by Dr. Mal Stevens. Games telecast will be those played on preceding day: Oct. 14, Columbia vs. Yale, and Army vs. Dartmouth; Oct. 21, Maryland vs. North Carolina; Oct. 28, Army vs. Columbia; Nov. 4, Navy vs. Notre Dame, and Army vs. So. Calif.

2:30 P.M. Professional Football • 5
DuMont cameras turn to games in the National Professional Football League, following schedule of last year's champion, the Cleveland Browns, and the Chicago Bears and Cardinals.

4:30 P.M. Zoo Parade • 4
Your Sunday at the zoo with R. Marlin Perkins as host. Mr. Perkins got started in his career as a laborer in St. Louis' Zoo.

5:00 P.M. Super Circus • 7 (& 6 at 5:30)
Your ringside seat with Ringmaster Claude Kirchner presenting authentic circus performers. Lovely Mary Hartline leads the brass band.

6:00 P.M. Hopalong Cassidy • 4
Up-to-date echoes of the Wild West with cowboy hero Bill Boyd, who once was a surveyor and tool specialist in California's oil fields.

6:00 P.M. Ted Mack Family Hour • 7
Soft-spoken, genial Ted Mack with an hour of cheerful entertainment.

6:30 P.M. Star of the Family • 2
Peter Lind Hayes co-stars with actress-wife Mary Healy in song and comedy.

7:00 P.M. Gene Autry • 2
Gene, riding his famous horse Champion, hits the sagebrush trail in action-packed films.

7:00 P.M. Bob Hope Show • 4
The gattle-gun delivery comedian appears once a month in video comedy, Nov. 4. Other Sundays filled in with Jerry Lester and other NBC comics.

7:00 P.M. Paul Whiteman Revue • 7 & 6
Pops Whiteman, a Navy bandsman in World War I, now skippers a spectacular crew of dancers and musicians, guest stars and singing favorites.

7:30 P.M. This is Show Business • 2 & 6
The guaranteed to entertain variety-panel show with host Clifton Fadiman. Two guest panelists along with two regulars.

8:00 P.M. Toast of the Town • 2 & 6
"This is to be a program of variety entertainment for everybody in the family to enjoy," so announced host Ed Sullivan three years ago and he has fulfilled this promise every Sunday.

8:00 P.M. Comedy Hour • 4
The funful hour of laughs and pretty girls starring top laughmakers on a rotating basis: Oct. 14, Abbott & Costello; Oct. 21 & 28, TBA; Nov. 4, Eddie Cantor.

9:00 P.M. Fred Waring Show • 2
Fred's huge, musical aggregation in an hour-long show of dance and song.

9:00 P.M. Philco TV Playhouse • 4 & 6
Fine adult drama with original stories as well as documentaries from contemporary books.

10:00 P.M. Celebrity Time • 2 & 6
Guest celebrities pair with singer Jane Wilson, football coach Herman Hickman in quiz game.

10:00 P.M. Red Skelton Show • 4
Richard, that's his real name, in his inimitable sketches and comedy, filmed in Hollywood.

10:30 P.M. What's My Line? • 2
Fascinating guess-your-occupation show with moderator John Daly and panelists.

10:30 P.M. Leave It to the Girls • 4
Maggi McNellis arbitrates female complaints against the stronger sex? as one male celebrity guest attempts to defend his brothers in and out of arms.

FAIR, FORTYISH AND FABULOUS

(*Continued from page* 50) escort to get her through the clamoring crowds who want to see, touch or speak to their Ruth.

Unique and potent, it's a charm compounded of equal parts of quick wit, dry humor, surging enthusiasm, absolute honesty and great heart. Fanatically devoted viewers and listeners find her fresh as a Midwest morning, frank as a best girl friend and swiftly, effectively sympathetic as a good neighbor next door. One summed it up by saying, "When Ruth talks to me, it's just like she was right in my own kitchen." To this Ruth's brisk comment was, "Why shouldn't she feel that way? That's exactly where I want to be."

She proves it frequently. Once, when having maid trouble, she carried her basket of freshly washed clothes into the studio and challenged her guests to demonstrate how fast they could iron Herman's shirts and Candy's ruffled pinafores.

"A great stunt," exclaimed studio executives. Ruth didn't see it that way. "Nonsense," she retorted, "that was no stunt. I was stuck. I had to do my show and I had to keep my family in clean clothes. I knew my friends would help me out."

In such reciprocity lies the secret of Ruth's appeal. Besides offering something to her audience, she also recognizes that each visitor has something worthwhile to give back to her and other viewers so she provides an opportunity for such giving.

It starts with an opinion—a guest's opinion. Ruth abhors the person who merely mumbles into the microphone that she's Sophie Snodgrass from Sidehill, Kentucky, that she's a housewife and has eleven children.

Says Ruth explosively, "If that happens, we're through. There's nothing left for me to do but remark it's wonderful and go on to the next person. That's no good. It's not even honest. Maybe Sophie's having eleven children is awful rather than wonderful. Maybe they're all in jail. Or, on the other hand, maybe every one of them has done something fine and outstanding, like the Trapp family singers. See what I mean? I have to find out more than a name and address."

For such finding out, Ruth has a method. Says she with a twinkle in her eye, "What's the quickest way to discover what some one thinks, feels or believes? Why, start an argument, of course. So I needle them."

The point of such needling usually is hidden in scatterbrained rambling, such as when before going on her vacation, Ruth was talking about clothes. She asked her audience what she should wear in New York and also how to explain to Herman when the bills for her new dresses began coming in. Innocently she murmured, "Wouldn't it be nice not to worry about such things? Wouldn't it be nice to be married to Aly Khan?"

In the audience, an elderly gentleman bridled visibly. Ruth challenged, "Well, Pops, what do you know about it?"

Bristling, the man spoke up. "Rita's not one bit better than he is."

Ruth's head tilted. Her next question was loaded. "Pops," said Ruth, "did you ever buy your wife a ruby? A great big beautiful ruby?"

Taken aback, the man groped for words. "No," he admitted, "but she's never complained. We've had fifty years together . . ." Encouraged by Ruth's interest, he gathered assurance and went on to tell of a half century of love and devotion and tell it so poignantly that everyone was deeply moved.

Provoking such responses stems equally from Ruth's quick mind and the fact that she's as much at home in a studio as she is in her own kitchen. In announcing her network television premiere in trade publications, the National Broadcasting Company called her "A Lady With a Past." The designation was apt, for to millions of people Ruth Lyons' past is radio's and television's past as well.

Cincinnati born, Ruth is the granddaughter of a river boat captain and the daughter of a travel agent who also taught music in evening classes at the University of Cincinnati. Her mother, too, was a musician and Ruth, at an early age, began to study piano and organ. She never wanted to be a concert performer, but preferred instead to be the one who wrote and produced shows.

For kicks, however, Ruth and the rest of her crowd formed the habit of spending their Saturday evenings at the edge-of-town studio of WLW. In those infant days of radio, the Saturday night jamboree was anybody's ball and if you could play, sing or tell a joke, the microphone was yours until some one better took it away.

Intrigued by this wonderful new medium, Ruth, on graduation from the University, found a job on WKRC. Specifically, she was supposed to catalog the sheet music which was stacked shoulder-high on the floor of a small office, but in those untrammeled days when everyone did everything, it was inevitable that she should also play piano whenever time needed to be filled.

Ruth got a liberal education. Recalling it, she says, "The staff's favorite indoor sport was breaking each other up. I'd be at the piano when four announcers would enter the studio, each holding a huge slab of apple pie and chewing in time to the music. Another favorite trick was to sneak under the piano and grab my ankle just as I reached some soft and soulful musical passage."

The Lyons sense of humor was not so well seasoned then as it is now, Ruth admits, and every Saturday the high jinks would get too much for her. She says, "I'd put on my white polo coat, pull the belt so tight I could scarcely breathe, pick up the candy box which held my cosmetics and stalk into my boss's office to announce I was through. He'd calm me down, I'd retract, but the same thing would happen again the next Saturday. I quit that job every single Saturday for thirteen years."

Somewhere, during the course of them, someone handed Ruth a microphone without a piano attached. The homemaking specialist reported ill one morning, so to fill her spot, the manager gave Ruth a script and said, "You're on." Ruth hated reading. The next day she forgot her glasses—deliberately—and had to ad lib.

She's been ad libbing ever since, but it took the 1937 Ohio river floods to make it spectacularly effective. Neither Ruth nor other Cincinnati residents have ever forgotten what happened. She says, "I was then at WSAI and as soon as we realized how the river was rampaging, we started putting our phone lines into the city hall and other key points. Knowing full well they'd be marooned and probably in great personal danger, the male members of our staff went out to man them. When they could get through, we picked up their reports as remotes. When their lines went out, I talked."

"Talking" is too mild a designation for what occurred, Cincinnati people say. Throughout four days Ruth stayed at the microphone. Except for a few hours of sleep snatched when she reached the point of utter exhaustion, she was constantly on the air, coordinating reports, warning people to flee, pleading with more distant listeners to send money for the flood victims who were injured, ill or stripped of all possessions.

When, after the crisis had passed and Ruth had slept around the clock, she returned to the station to find that she was the city's heroine. She had raised fifty-six thousand dollars for flood relief.

Now at WLW, she continues to give evidence of her great heart and good works. Each year she raises a Christmas

"This is Just the Help I've been Needing!"

might well be your reaction to the radio program "My True Story." You see, "My True Story" presents in dramatic form hope, fear, love, jealousy, and many other problems of real people—people who might be your friends or neighbors—might even be you. "My True Story" gives you the problems of *real* people and their own solutions—direct from the files of True Story Magazine.

TUNE IN

"MY TRUE STORY"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

SCOOP!

the whole story of

Why Nancy Sinatra Gave Frankie His Freedom *by*

Hedda Hopper

Hollywood was dumbfounded! Nancy's lawyer was stunned! The public remained aghast! But Hedda, close to the heartbreaking facts and a gal that has the "inside track" on just about everything that happens or will happen in Hollywood, knows the COMPLETE STORY. What are the REAL facts that led to Nancy's change of heart? Read Hedda's exclusive for some startling and never-before-revealed truths.

PLUS many, many more stories of your favorite Hollywood stars

all in NOVEMBER . . .

NOW ON SALE AT NEWSSTANDS

fund which, because of its size, is divided among several children's hospitals in Ohio, Indiana and New York. In 1949, it amounted to $28,943.29 and in 1950 it swelled to $56,664.21. In addition, there's a running fund to buy television sets for sick youngsters and shut-ins. By July, this year's expenditure had reached $12,000 and when Ruth announced that the treasury was empty, more money promptly rolled in.

Proud as her listeners and viewers are of her achievements, they are most deeply touched by her references to Herman, her husband, and Candy, her daughter.

SOME FRIENDS, knowing Ruth, maintain that if, when she finally fell in love and married, the man hadn't been called Herman, she would have invented that name or one of equally homespun quality. It happens, however, that his straight name actually is Herman A. Newman. He's a Unitarian minister who exchanged his pulpit for a classroom podium at the University of Cincinnati where he teaches speech and language hygiene. (You don't call it *English* any more, he advises.) In wit, wisdom, and intelligence he's more than a match for his famed wife, and altogether, Herman is quite a guy.

Their courtship, too, was something, Ruth will tell you. She had always been a little wary of for-real romance, she explains. Although she'd never been burningly ambitious for a career, she was adverse to getting tied down. She says, "Perhaps it was because I always worked in such a turmoil at the station. By the time I reached home, I just wanted to forget it all. Living with my parents, and later in my own apartment, I liked to putter around—cook or read or write a little music. I've always had to have thinking time all to myself.

"And then, too, I suppose the kids at the station spoiled me. When I did want to go out, there was usually some nice lad available to take me places. I somehow got the idea that so long as I went with someone I liked but was not world-shakingly attracted to, I was safe from entanglements."

It was just such a nice someone—a musician—who took her to a Lily Pons concert at historic Cincinnati Music Hall. Since he was in the orchestra, Ruth sat alone and at intermission the young man seated ahead of her turned around and asked politely, "Would you like to walk out to the lobby with my mother and me?"

At Ruth's startled look, he reminded her that they had attended the University of Cincinnati together, that he was Herman Newman, and he had just recently returned from doing graduate work at the University of Chicago.

Herman, in speaking of that evening, adds that although Ruth had forgotten him, his own memory was fresh. Nearly ten years earlier, while standing at a street intersection with his father, he had seen Ruth drive by and had remarked there was the girl he would like to marry. He'd never quite got her out of his mind.

Herman asked to see Ruth again, and she agreed to the date. But by the next morning she was skittish. Herman, she realized did not fill her requirement that a man be nice but not world-shaking. Herman definitely was disturbing. She telephoned him that night to call the whole thing off.

Herman objected. "If you break this date," he warned, "I'll not have the nerve to call you again."

Ruth says, "I guess I sort of melted. I remember thinking, 'Oh heavens, this is it.' and not knowing whether to be glad or frightened."

When they chose October 3, 1942, as their wedding day, Ruth told her audience, "I'm going to get married. Now much as I love all of you, this day belongs to me. So please, please, everybody leave me alone."

Understanding, her friends respected her wishes. They respect, too, her need for a private life and undisturbed time with her family. Seldom does even the most fanatic fan attempt to search out the Newman's white brick farmhouse. They recognize that here is the source of the strength which enables her both to work her daily schedule of two hour-long simulcasts and campaign for good causes besides. They sense, too, that Ruth's and Herman's sincere devotion is the sort which makes them prefer the company of each other to that of even their very best friends.

Herman and Ruth find their greatest joy in their daughter Candy, a fragile blonde sprite who looks as though she had stepped out of the illustrations of one of the better children's books, and who behaves with the gravely gracious manner of a fairy princess. After Candy's arrival, Ruth stayed home seven weeks, stating flatly that her public life was over—that she never again would set foot outside her own home. But she grew restless. An executive at WLW persuaded her that she'd worked for so long she couldn't just quit cold, she'd have to taper off. Back she went.

Ruth's success has also been responsible for network acceptance of one of her cherished projects. She contends that New York, Chicago and Hollywood should not have a monopoly in producing television shows. Ruth, being Ruth, she elected to do something about it, so for the past three years every memo she has sent to NBC headquarters has carried the postscript, "We could feed this show to the net."

REPETITION, fortified by a few other factors, paid off. During the past summer, WLW-TV's Strawhat Matinee was network replacement for Kate Smith; Midwest Hayride went into the coveted Saturday night spot, and finally Ruth's own Fifty Club was put on the regular fall network schedule.

Opposite it, another network is booking a show which carries a $40,000 a week budget. Ruth said, "That scared me at first. I wondered if anyone would bother to tune us in. If we ever had much over five dollars to spend we wouldn't know what to do with it. But I suppose we'll hold our own. Some people will like us. They always do."

It's a safe prediction, for Ruth Lyons has always possessed something much more important than just money. Ruth Lyons has the greatest asset of all—a deep interest in the welfare of others. As she herself says, "There's no substitute for people."

HOW TO HELP YOUR HUSBAND GET AHEAD

(*Continued from page* 67) the final outline to Hannah and we go over some point that needs clearing up. Bill has recently become so fascinated by the timing that I bought him a stop-watch to clock my speeches. But Hannah began early to make the children understand that work is important and they always wait until we have finished before they make any comments or demands.

I have always felt that it is a great asset for a wife to be a good hostess. In our case, Hannah has made entertaining an important part of her job, because in my business it is essential to get people together on an informal footing. She arranges the dinner party for the speakers and their staffs that precedes each broadcast and a second party after the broadcast in which some of the guests in the audience and many of our personal friends join. It makes little difference to her whether the party is on a big scale or for a few friends at our home. In every case everything has been arranged for in an orderly way and everyone is made to feel welcome.

Because my wife is a friendly person she keeps in touch with the wives and families of Senators and Congressmen and through those friendships often learns of some new piece of legislation that will be introduced or some new plan that will make an interesting topic for one of our programs. I should imagine that many wives could similarly promote their husbands' interests by making friends with the wives of the men they deal with. In Hannah's case there are the all-important factors that she does not gossip with one person about another and that she is careful of what she repeats, respecting confidences scrupulously. She never involves either of us in petty quarrels or feuds. I should say these are important factors in any case, but especially in a city like Washington, where we live.

Hannah's intuition about strangers is uncanny. As a practicing lawyer, people often come to me with schemes, inventions and plans of all sort. Sometimes Hannah will meet such a person and talk to him for a few minutes. Later she will mention, "I wouldn't represent him if I were you, Ted. There is something phony about that fellow."

Sometimes when I am inclined to take a chance to please a friend, Hannah will remind me that "It's a good thing you're not a girl, because you hate to say no." When I have said "yes" on occasion in spite of her cautioning and the situation has turned out badly, she has never assumed an I-told-you-so air. Her theory is to forget mistakes and get on to something else.

Not long ago I made an investment in an FM station near Washington. The call letters were WHMB, for Hannah, Marion and Bill, and it was to be a great thing for all of us. You know what has been happening to FM—and consequently to my investment—but my wife only said, "Don't burn up your energy in regretting. Some day it will work out." Recently a corporation offered to buy the land at a price several times what I paid for it.

One of her greatest concerns is my health. That is, the ways to keep me healthy. She watches my diet, and makes me rest enough. Because getting out on the water relaxes me, she urged me to buy a boat a couple of years ago on which we cruise on the Potomac. With my son, she conspired to make me join a golf club to get me away from telephones and the routine of work.

Many times her fine common sense has kept me from writing a letter in anger on the impulse of the moment. Something goes wrong, and I reach for the telephone or start to dictate a telegram or letter. If Hannah is there, she urges me to give her the message and let her hold it until the next day. "That way it's off your mind, and you can read it again in the morning." Next day I have usually changed my mind and will send a more moderate message.

We both like a lively, controversial program on the Forum, and Hannah is my barometer of how things are going out front. She signals me her reactions, and when the arguments get unusually stormy I watch her for warning signs. After every show I go straight to her for the lowdown. She may tell me "it wasn't one of your best" but she always has something good to say about it.

Come to think of it, having something good to say about almost every situation is one of the finest ways Hannah helps me.

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HARD-WORKING DREAMER

(*Continued from page* 65) character played by Jack, is the kind of policeman who could be found anywhere in the world. He's not married, although many of his fellow-workers are. He's got a mother, however, who wants to know what time he'll be home for dinner. He gets perplexed once in a while just like any other human being. He has pie for lunch instead of a highball. And when he's in a risky situation, he gets a little scared. He's quite human, and quite different from the average radio detective.

Actually, police throughout the country have been stung so many times by people who contend they are going to write the truth about police work that the L. A. Department merely reserved opinion on Jack Webb's show, although he got plenty of cooperation from two of their detectives, Sgts. Marty Wynn and Vince Brawser.

Jack met them when he was working on a movie. The two detectives were technical advisers on the film and Jack got chummy with them. The three of them kicked around an idea for a factual police show. NBC liked it, decided to give Dragnet a trial as a summer replacement in 1949. Its sensational reception made radio history.

Once a week Jack and his writer, Jim Moser, meet with the Los Angeles police —who now number themselves among his most enthusiastic listeners—to discuss cases from their files. Then Jack goes on to interview officers who actually worked on the cases. Conferences are held before, during and after the scripts are written. Occasionally, Jack writes a script himself. He also pitches in on research, editing, assembling, casting—even collaborates with the sponsor on commercial presentations. And when the show is finally aired, Jack is director as well as star.

Jack Webb has never strayed far from radio or his birthplace, Santa Monica, California, where his mother and grandmother still live. He went to Belmont High, in Los Angeles, then one of the toughest schools in the city. Although some of his school friends are now on the police force, a few turned out to be "bad actors," not "at liberty," but in jail.

Outside of a three-year interlude in World War II as a B-26 pilot, Jack stuck with West Coast radio, never completely divorcing himself from the microphone, although he made twelve pictures in Hollywood. Through it all, he continues to exhibit a trait that sets him off from nearly everyone else in the business: Jack never thinks of himself as a star.

Perhaps Jack Webb got that way—and stays that way—because he's so well adjusted, domestically as well as professionally. His wife, Julie, seems to complement him perfectly. While Jack is dark and rugged, Julie is blonde and very feminine. Jack is intense and quick to express himself. On the other hand, Julie is quiet and restrained. Yet she, too, is a successful actress who takes time off to make one or two movies a year.

Jack and their fifteen-month-old daughter, Stacey, are reasons enough for Julie's sticking close to home which is, at present, a rambling cottage about thirty years old. It's furnished so comfortably and tastefully that you're enchanted from the moment you enter. At one end of the living room is a big fireplace. Above it, a beautiful oil painting of Julie. Both Julie and Jack are avid readers and from floor to ceiling there are shelves lined with books. If you look closely at the titles, you'll find some bound volumes of Dragnet and two of Jack's earlier shows, Jeff Regan and Pat Novak. About the room there are pieces of old china, glass and silver that the Webbs collect as a hobby. But the room Jack really lives in is his den.

The den is a large room equipped with a desk, typewriter, telephone and reference books. But, in addition, there are a few oddities: an old player-piano, an almost extinct crank-type telephone. One table holds an authentic ancient record player, and a library of jazz records.

Jack is an addict of the two-beat, and it was this interest in jazz that brought his newest program, Pete Kelly's Blues, into being. In the series Jack plays Pete, a fast-talking cornet player of the roaring twenties, who has a penchant for becoming involved in exciting mystery-drama.

With his usual modesty, Jack says, "I don't know whether this show will go as well as Dragnet. I'll just have to wait until the listeners make up their minds."

But the odds are that it will be a big success. Jack has traits characteristic of many great men. Take Thomas Edison and Alexander Graham Bell—they were hard-working dreamers, too!

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COME AND VISIT JAMES MELTON

(*Continued from page* 44) far-seeing than I was. He must have guessed where my interest was leading me.

There's his home, set in forty acres of gardens and orchards and wide green lawns, the place he bought to retire to some day, before he dreamed of new careers that would go on and on—opera and concert, radio, and now his own Ford Festival on television. There are his collections, from rare glass to antique automobiles, several garages full on the home property and a museum full in Norwalk, Connecticut, eight miles down the Parkway.

The rambling white house with black trim is set on the highest hill in Fairfield County. Originally, in 1739, there was just one room, to which a summer kitchen was later added. Other rooms were tacked on from time to time to meet the needs of the families that grew up under this roof, and by the time the Meltons bought it in 1937 it had grown into a fair-size house. Since then they have lavished loving work on it, have added a handsome music room, converted an old workshop into an inviting guest house, and have built a small connecting house for Mrs. McClure, Marjorie's mother, a writer with a shelf of novels to her credit.

A tour of the main house is like retracing all the places where Jim has sung. The fine breakfront in the music room was bought when Jim toured Ireland. A satiny chest of drawers must have come from some old Southern mansion, but Jim saw it in the window of an antique shop in Greensboro, North Carolina, one night on his way home from a concert. "I woke up the proprietor, who thought he had a crazy man on his hands, but I persuaded him to open the shop and let me take the chest along with me on the Pullman. Marjorie was a little surprised, but she gets used to these things."

Marjorie was more than a little surprised when he called up one night from Louisville and said that he wanted to buy a seven-foot spinet. "But where will we put it?" she moaned. "We haven't room for any more big pieces." He said all right, it wasn't any good anymore as a piano anyhow but it was such a beautiful piece he had a hard time resisting it. He did, indeed, for when he got home he had to confess the piano was on its way up north and would soon arrive. Now, converted to a combination table and desk, it's the first thing you see as you enter the living room.

The Meltons' collection of glass has been gathered piece by piece from all over the world. The miniature silver automobiles from such scattered places as India, Vancouver and England have come to rest in a cabinet that Jim brought home one day from a Cape Cod jaunt. An Early American prize is the lamppost on the front lawn, which stood on a street in Augusta, Georgia, until five years ago, when it was presented to Jim after a concert he gave, by the City of Augusta. The iron column was cast in 1778, to celebrate victory in the Revolutionary War. On the sides are red, white and blue United States shields and the stars of the first colonies, and an American Eagle spreads its wings at the top.

The living room, which is the original room of the house, has a comfortable chair and ottoman covered with a fabric Jim picked up in his travels. The pattern is formed by a "Rigoletto" libretto, the opening notes of the "Quartette," the opera glasses and the fans that signify an operatic performance. On a table nearby is a music box from France, another from Germany. All over the house you find ornaments from many countries, figurines from the Orient, china from France and England. unusual things like the pair of porcelain boots from Italy. "I saw these in a New York shop window one Christmas Eve." Jim explains them. "They were there for decoration and the owner wanted to keep them, but I persuaded him to let me have the boots as a Christmas present for myself."

The rough, hand-hewn beams in the living room are still used as gun racks. The same hand-hewn wood surrounds the huge old fireplace which once served for both heating and cooking. Walls in this room are pale lemon, the rug gray-green. There are bright chairs and couches, little handy tables and lamps, and a bookcase filled with some of Margo's collection of storybooks propped up by dolls from her extensive assortment.

In the television room, the walls are covered with blue-grass-cloth and the rug is blue. There are prints of early model automobiles—even the lamp base is deco-

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rated with an auto print. (Jim's bedside lamp upstairs is a huge brass auto lamp, from some fine old limousine.) Two modern settees, upholstered in bright red. contrast with blond contemporary furniture.

The music room, in 18th Century decor, is in palest tones. The oval rug is blue, the drapes pale yellow, the walls gray and white. The room is dominated, of course, by the grand piano. A screened porch opening from this room is done in blue and yellow, and from it you can go on to the guest house, named Apple House because it is shaded by a fine old tree that bears until Christmas. Here the drapes are a Johnny Appleseed print and the valances have appliqued apple cut-outs. Beyond the guest house is Mrs. McClure's house.

The kitchen in the main house is not to be overlooked, of course, since it's here that some of the famous Jim Melton dishes are served up by the host himself. He has a lobster-cooked-with-seaweed specialty, a shrimp gumbo, an American spaghetti that is considered sensational, and a spoon bread recipe he learned from his mother.

On the lawn in back of the house stand a couple of noble steeds that have run away from a merry-go-round, ditto a huge rooster and a giraffe, all of which Margo rides fearlessly, guarded by a real dog—a German Shepherd named Caesar—and a small cat named Tutu.

Through the big apple orchard runs the M. M. & J. R. R., a miniature system named for Marjorie, Margo and Jim. A real steam engine pulls the engine and cars in and out under the trees and all the kids in the neighborhood and their parents know the thrill of riding through the sweet-smelling groves and alighting under the striped canopy at the terminal.

From the miniature railroad you can see the big garages, barn-red with white trim, which house the part of the automobile collection which is kept on the grounds. Asked how long he has been collecting these cars, Jim answers "Too long," but you know he doesn't mean it. Actually he has been at it fifteen years. The oldest car is the De Dion. It belongs to Margo, so the license plate reads SAFE, the State of Connecticut having given out lettered plates like these at one time. A 1907 Locomobile reads JMEL and a bright red 1907 Stanley Steamer, known as the Gentleman's Speedy Roadster, is lettered GENT. In the garages you will find such oldtimers as a Stutz Bearcat, a White Steamer Touring Car, a 1907 Rolls Royce, Pierce Arrow 66, Mercers and dignified, old Packards with vases for flowers, patterned cretonne upholstery, and carriage lamps. Every car is kept in running order so that at any time it can be driven out as easily as their streamlined, modern Daimler.

Jim has a favorite story about Marjorie and the orchard. Every January 2, his birthday, he has been wanting a cherry tree for a present. Marjorie decided to plant one for him one spring. This year Jim asked the gardener, "When will it begin to bear cherries?" "Not for a long time," the man told him. "But why not?" Jim argued. "It seems healthy enough." "It's healthy, all right," was the answer, "but it won't be bearing cherries. This here's an apple tree."

The Meltons would still like to have just one little cherry tree.

TOMMY WELCOMES THE McDERMOTTS

(*Continued from page* 35) months' courtship, they spoke their vows at St. Anne's Rectory in Hornell, in 1935, and moved into a furnished room. Both continued to work until Dick, their first baby, came. With the arrival of Ellen, a year later, they admitted band business and having a family didn't mix, so Glenn took a job at a gas station.

Early in 1951, Glenn and Georgie went into a serious conference. Carefully evaluating all factors, they concluded that although they loved Hornell they could never, no matter how hard they worked, expect to find there the income they needed to give their children—six, by now—the advantages they wished. In March, Glenn went to Los Angeles and found a job in an aircraft plant. His first raise came quickly. Musician friends also found him occasional dates to play with bands. But housing was a problem. It was July 15, before he wrote, "I've found a place for us to live." And added, "This is just like waiting for the day we got married, only better—six kids better."

Knowing full well the coach trip would be difficult and exhausting, Georgie set out. To Tommy Bartlett she said, "The older children were wonderful. During the night we all took turns watching the baby, but even so when we pulled into Chicago this morning I felt as though I had been traveling a week."

Welcome Travelers had an answer for that. Les Lear, who heads business arrangements for the Bartlett gang, scheduled them to continue their journey by plane. He also ordered a suite at Hotel Sherman and—best of all—a baby sitter. While the rest of the eager gang sight-saw Chicago with zest, two-year-old Michael had the sleep he needed.

These pictures tell the story of the fun the McDermotts had under the inspired guidance of Milt Parlow, but they can't begin to show the way Georgie and her youngsters charmed everyone they met.

Dick, fifteen, who stands almost a head taller than his mother, has a quiet droll wit and is a who-what-why-and-how question asker. Pretty Ellen, fourteen, is just entering the dreamy romantic age. Carol, ten, surprised Gibby's piano player, Sammy Williams, with a sunburst smile and query whether a certain piece of music was a stock number or his own arrangement.

James, eight, whose all-seeing eyes hadn't missed a trick all day, let it be known that Yankee Doodle was his favorite tune. What's more, he sang it—with typical jazz phrasing. Johnny, seven, a happy extrovert, adopted Milt Parlow instantaneously and despite a four-foot, six-inch difference in their height, contrived several man-to-man conversations which left Milt searching for answers.

Georgie, speaking for them all, said they'd never forget the day. Milt Parlow let her know it was mutual. "I'm going to tell my wife," he announced, "that I have now decided. We are going to have six children. After seeing your great gang anything less would be a disappointment."

WONDERFUL IS THE WORD FOR IT

(*Continued from page* 37) from my usual routine of arising at seven A.M. to prepare breakfast for my husband, my three husky, hungry boys and my mother. And how nice to loll beside a sparkling pool, swim in the ocean or visit a gay cafe, instead of washing dishes!

Ordinarily, I do all those things and the usual million and one other household chores that fill the days of most women. And, besides, I work outside my home. I'm a harpist, and spend a great deal of time in New York City.

Not too long ago, Bob, my oldest son, tuned in Live Like a Millionaire. He called my attention to the program and both of us got a tremendous kick out of it. "Why don't you go on that program, Mom?" asked Bob. "Buddy and I could be your talent sprouts and introduce you."

Several days passed, during which I more or less forgot about the whole thing, but my sons didn't. They put their heads together and wrote a letter, asking for an audition for me, and the next thing I knew about it Bob informed me I was scheduled to bring my harp for an audition.

I've played the harp long enough and before enough people that you'd think it wouldn't bother me at all, but the night of the program I was as nervous as a cat in a thunderstorm. Maybe it was because my two older sons were making their first public appearance on the show.

The audience was extremely receptive and showed their enthusiasm by applauding so hard that I won. When Mr. Nelson presented me with all the wonderful gifts that winners on Live Like a Millionaire are awarded, I almost fainted.

Particularly exciting was the idea of a Florida vacation at the Macfadden Deauville, which held precious memories for me. Eighteen years ago, when my husband and I were first married, we spent a brief honeymoon there. What new husband doesn't try to impress his bride by splurging on a lavish honeymoon? Now, however, we were to have a full week there.

Unfortunately, however, Arnold couldn't get away. He is extremely busy manufacturing mouthpieces for reed instruments, and after several times postponing our chance to "live like millionaires," we reluctantly agreed that I'd go without him. Bob and Buddy were to take the trip with me anyway, and Billy, our yougest son, jumped at the chance.

And so, for a full week, we played and loafed in the Florida sun. Golf and swimming and sailing and shopping and almost everything else we wanted to do!

Our suite overlooked beautiful Indian Creek, Biscayne Bay and the blue Atlantic. "Oh boy!" exclaimed Billy when he first saw the aquatic view. "I wish we had our boats here."

Billy, Buddy and Bob all have their own boats, which they bought themselves. Three years ago, after the hurricane which swept Long Island, the boys found an unclaimed skiff washed ashore near our home. It was pretty badly shattered, but they worked over it for many weeks, rebuilding and repairing it, and finally got it in seaworthy shape. Then they built a refrigerating unit on it, bought a couple of cases of soda pop and started a waterborne soft-drink route. They'd pull in to a beach, peddle their wares, and then they'd move on to new prospects at the next beach.

Next they expanded operations and started a sea-going newspaper route, delivering papers to various yachts anchored in the harbors nearby. Their profits, augmented by payment and tips from yachtsmen for various and sundry errands, went into a bank account until they had enough to buy three boats, one for each.

For that one wonderful week, though, neither the boys nor I did a bit of work. We just had fun, living like millionaires. Now we're back to our ordinary routine. Every day there's an eight-room house to clean and dust, three meals to be planned and prepared, shopping to be done.

The boys, too, are back at their accustomed chores. They do their homework, help with household tasks and work on their boats. Additionally, they find time to rehearse their own orchestra and play for school and organization dances in our area. The band, known as the "Huntington Harmoneers," is a six-piece group, in which Buddy plays the trumpet and Bob the saxophone. Billy, who's studying piano, hopes to join the orchestra some day.

Yes, it's quite different from our week of living like millionaires. But do you know something? I believe I prefer our usual way of life. We've got a wonderful family and we're happy.

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HE'S REALLY VERY NICE

(*Continued from page* 43) television. But my daddy said that he didn't believe you'd hurt me.'

"That statement, *You look the same as you do on television,* haunts me (and I prefer to do the haunting), for the measure of truth there is in it. My friends advise me to see a doctor, wags send me bottles of patent medicine and not long ago, a fan gifted me with a box of book-matches inscribed, in livid green on a black background, 'Funereal Frank.' Seldom a day that I do not run into some burly boy of my acquaintance who advises me to recuperate in the sun."

The advice being well-meant, Frank took it last summer. He drove to Cape Cod where he forced himself to lie in the sun, swim, dance, even practised a sparkle in his lackluster eye—the latter induced by a very attractive girl about whom he was, as the saying goes, completely flipped.

Upon his return—he'd been away just one week—Herb Swope, producer of Lights Out asked Frank, looking stricken, what on earth he'd done to himself. Using one simple declarative sentence, Mr. Gallop said to Mr. Swope: "I tanned and now I am peeling." Said Mr. Swope to Mr. Gallop, also in one simple sentence: "You look as though you have African rot." He then added, hopefully, "But maybe you'll fade."

Frank faded, fast—but not fast enough—with the result that Dick Smith, make-up man, was obliged to bleach his face with chalk-white powder before he could again face, with appropriate graveyard pallor, the unearthly lights of Lights Out.

Frank Gallop is, to all outward seeming, as normal as you and I. Six foot in height, with light tan, slightly thinning hair, gray eyes, less protuberant than those of his ghost, fine-cut nose, a thin humorous mouth—real attractive, any woman would call him—Mr. Gallop does *not* look "exactly the way he does on television." He merely *resembles,* as any man does, his disembodied spirit.

He has not always been a bodiless head—nor had he the slightest reason, by virtue of background, breeding, temperament and occupation, to suppose that he would ever scare the panties off little children and weak-hearted women. A Bostoner by birth (he still has the Boston accent), Mr. Gallop entered a conservative Boston investment house shortly after his graduation from Dorchester High School. Quickly progressing from clerk to bond salesman to customers' man on the Stock Exchange, he had every intention of spending his lifetime in the brokerage business. His pastimes in those days were, he recalls, playing golf, reading whodunits and listening to Lights Out, on the radio. "It was a very popular program," Mr. Gallop says, "and the scripts were great."

Never dreaming that he would deviate from the placid and profitable pattern of his life, coming events cast their shadow before in the person of a customer of Mr. Gallop's who remarked one day that a friend of his, a local sponsor, was dis-

satisfied with his current radio announcer. "You've got a voice with a depth-charge in it, Frank," said this tool-of-destiny customer, "why don't you go over and try for just one show?"

Says Mr. Gallop: "Strictly as a gag and for laughs, I did.

"It was fun. I did it again. And again. I was not getting paid, of course, except in the amusement it afforded me. After a few weeks of it, however, the sponsor decided he'd had enough of me—at no money, too!

"This most certainly would have been the end of me on the air except that the market went bad. I continued to work at the Exchange, but the day on the Exchange ends at three o'clock and so, with lots of courage and no talent, I would spend the rest of the afternoon taking auditions. Primarily for the fun of it, but also for the extra shekels involved which, for a steak-eating man, were important. Eventually, I wound up as one of WEEI's chief announcers. After ten presumably successful months with WEEI, I came to New York—"

It is Mr. Gallop's contention that there is nothing more boring to read than an itemized account of a man's jobs, contracts, successes, set-backs as he rises, rung by rung in his chosen career. Acting upon this contention, Mr. Gallop clammed up, which obliges us to take over and tell you, as briefly as possible, that ever since he came to New York—now some fifteen years ago—Mr. Gallop has been one of Radio Row's busiest announcers. Known to millions for his friendly and resonant voice, his amiable disposition, adults who now hold him suspect, remember the shadowed narrator of Lights Out as he was in the friendly flesh of earlier days.

Three of those fifteen years in New York Mr. Gallop spent as straight man to Milton Berle on Milton's NBC radio show. And it is said, in the inner circle, that Mr. Gallop's supreme and unshakable dignity, Boston diction and manner, bedevilled your uncle Miltie as your uncle Miltie has never been bedevilled before nor since.

It was Mr. Gallop's own idea, he rather lugubriously admits, that he play the part of the ghoul on Lights Out.

"I had watched the show," he says, "and felt it was something I'd like to do. Then Jack LaRue, who was the original narrator, fell ill. In the event that he did not recover in time to make the next telecast, the agency was holding auditions, I learned. Remembering me, no doubt, as the conventional and quite comfortable announcer of many of radio's most selective musical programs, they just laughed when I appeared. But I didn't. I demanded that they examine the bone structure of my face. 'Skeletal,' I said suggestively, 'strictly skeletal.' I bugged my eyes for them. I don't know whether this is an unusual talent, or not, but I bugged them to the whiteness and dimension of billiard balls whereupon, humoring me, I was given an audition—but without result. When Jack remained ill, however, and the night of the telecast neared, I found that I had implanted the idea more deeply than I knew, for late that Monday afternoon the script arrived. And I was on! That first show was, I often think, my best show. And I believe it was the best because my own inward fright came through. Now I am a little more relaxed, which is bad."

Only a bodiless head, which presumably feels no pain, could be relaxed on Lights Out, however, for the occupational hazards are such as to scare the most rugged ghoul.

"One of the problems involved in the show *is* the lighting problem," said Mr. Gallop very definitely. "One week. the lighting reveals me—as recently—with what appears to be a big black cigar in my mouth. The next week, we try an entirely different kind of lighting and I appear to have a hole in my head. It is also true—and definitely *not* publicity—that I cannot see when the lights are on or for an hour or so after they go off. Which means that I cannot see the floor manager in order to receive a cue nor, if something goes amiss with me, do I dare give a cue, lest I spoil the illusion.

"One night, for instance, I smelled something burning. The lamp was burning me. What, in such circumstances, do you do? Let your arm stay there until the smell of burning flesh overcomes you, or move your arm—which is not allowable, because it would dispel the illusion? What I did was slowly, very slowly, so as to keep the illusion as intact as possible, withdraw my arm. When, later, I removed the black turtleneck sweater the narrator wears on his non-existent body, several layers of skin were removed with it!

When he's not being a bodiless head, Frank Gallop has a very good life, indeed. His Park Avenue bachelor apartment is comfortable and charming. The large living room, with a bank of windows which overlooks the uptown stretch of Park Avenue, the one large bedroom, the small square hall are done in a rich, soft blue. (Mr. Gallop was his own decorator.) In the living room a huge and handsome davenport, silky and sinky, is flanked by a long coffee table with legs of ebony and surface of antique glass on which is painted a Japanese print motif. In the bedroom, a "Hollywood" bed, three acres by three acres in dimension, predominates. The draperies, bedspread, upholstering are in large-patterned blue and purple chintz.

A competent Negro woman, Kay, "takes care" of Mr. Gallop: does everything for him except make his morning coffee, which he does himself, and glad to. Says Mr. Gallop, "I like it the way I make it. Between us, I make a *wonderful* pot of coffee, very strong—which none of my friends will drink. To my suggestion, the invariable answer is, 'Well, er, I'll have tea.'"

In addition to taking care of Mr. Gallop's material needs, Kay is moving, or trying to move into another "aspect," as the astrologers say.

"We don't have much chatter around the house, Kay and I," said Mr. Gallop, "neither of us is garrulous. But recently she has been telling me about the lady she works for uptown. 'She has a lot of money, Mr. Gallop,' says Kay, bugging *her* eyes at *me*. 'She dresses very nicely—appears younger than she really is. She has heard you on the radio, Mr. Gallop, and seen you on television . . .' At which point, 'Why, you little matchmaker, you!' I laugh, trying to signify that it's time for her to sign off. 'Mr. Gallop, *she has a lot of money*,' is the way, time after time, Kay signs off. I must admit," Mr. Gallop adds, "to a certain curiosity."

About the women in his life, Mr. Gallop says: "I don't know that I'd want a close friend of mine to describe the romantic aspects of Frank Gallop's life, because there have been—many phases. But who I am interested in at the moment, or where I go with the lady, is of no concern to anyone save the lady and me."

Well, then, a safer subject—he's superstitious. "I *hate* to be superstitious—but I am. In Boston last week, a friend handed me a silver dollar saying, "Frank, here's a lucky piece." I *hate* him. For I would blame the next piece of bad luck on that damned dollar—if I should lose it.

"And when I leave NBC, on my way home, I always stop at a certain newsstand and buy a pack of cigarettes, simply because I did this the first night I appeared on Lights Out."

Such quirks and compulsions apart, Mr. Gallop is, by his own say-so, a happy man. He gets together with the boys at Toots Shor's; with the girls at—???? He spends weekends (under a rock, if the sun is shining) in Connecticut. He is a baseball fan, especially of night games. "Everything I do, I do at night." He sometimes has a qualm about having quit the brokerage business for less conventional radio and TV. "Not quite so *solid*, you know. But yes, a very happy man—unless I take too much time out looking into the future . . ."

"And seeing there . . . ?" we query.

But Mr. Gallop merely bugs his eyes, looks knowing—and doesn't answer.

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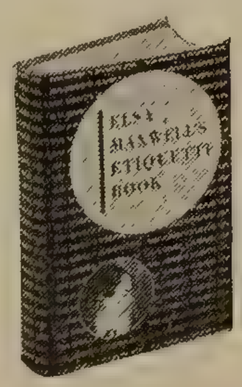

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Daytime diary

AUNT JENNY In Aunt Jenny's latest story, she tells of a familiar mistake parents make when they try to force a particular way of life on their children. Bill Clarke's father is almost glad when Bill, instead of taking over the family lumber business, starts a photography venture which almost fails. Mr. Clarke's sudden illness solves the family problem in an unexpected manner. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Dora Dean, the young Hollywood starlet, who has fallen in love with Larry Noble, learns that Rupert Barlow tricked her with Larry's name into coming to New York. It is Barlow's aim to use Dora to break up the marriage of the Nobles, but Dora is now in a position to reveal his machinations. Will Barlow try to prevent Dora from telling what she knows? M-F, 4 P.M. EST, NBC.

BIG SISTER Dr. Roger Marlowe, new director of the Health Center, follows the example of his predecessor, Dr. Reed Bannister, in refusing to accept Millard Parker's financial assistance. But Ruth's husband, Dr. John Wayne, continues to champion Parker's cause despite opposition. Parker suggests to John Ruth must have influenced Dr. Marlowe's decision. M-F, 1 P.M. EST, CBS.

BRIGHTER DAY As the dynamic personality of Anthony Race comes increasingly into the foreground of Plymouth's affairs, his relationship with many of the town's citizens alters. Is Anthony really in love with Vicki Reynolds? What is he after? Meanwhile, Liz Dennis brings her unlimited talent for helping others into play as she befriends Mark Ellis in a tragic moment. M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL A phone call from a girl who believes her life is in danger leads reporter David Farrell into "The Bronze Lamp Murder Case." In his search for the girl's apartment, David comes on the murdered body of the woman next door, and learns the importance of an antique lamp. What curious connection between the two women does David discover? M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT Is Meta Bauer White entering on one of the most precarious emotional experiences of her life when she promises to marry Joe Roberts in a secret ceremony? She does not discount the hatred she has aroused in Joe's two children, but she does feel that the love between herself and Joe is strong enough to help her cope with the problem. M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

HILLTOP HOUSE Reed Nixon, the promoter who once was involved in a tragedy which almost ruined the life of one of Julie's orphans at Hilltop House, is back in Glendale. But he appears to have turned over a new leaf, and intends to do something constructive for the youngsters of Glendale. Julie, as head matron of Hilltop, cannot help approving Nixon's project. M-F, 3 P.M. EST, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL Bill Davidson, working hard to save the marriage of his friend, Stanley Warner, has to fight the maneuvers of Elise Richards, who has tried to win Stanley from his wife, Bessie. Bill's daughter, Nancy, and her husband, Kerry Donovan, are astonished when Bill suddenly befriends Elise. They do not know the terrible secret of this unfortunate woman. M-F, 5 P.M. EST, NBC.

KINGS ROW Randy's attempt to pretend an engagement to Rex Belsen doesn't achieve the end she hoped for, but Rex persuades her not to call the scheme off. In spite of her distrust of him, she continues to see him, not knowing that Rex's plans are even more daring and complex than she suspects. What will this involvement mean in the lives of Randy and Parris? M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL As Barry Markham stands trial for the murder of the Colonel, the whole story of his marriage emerges to increase his misery. He finally becomes almost violent when it is suggested that his wife, Eunice, might have been too friendly with Paul Vandenbush. Chichi and Papa David hope Barry's outburst has not prejudiced opinion against him. M-F, 3 P.M. EST, NBC.

LORENZO JONES Belle's premonition about Dr. Oliver Caldwell is justified when Caldwell is killed in a plane crash. This ends the venture in which Lorenzo and Caldwell were partners—their effort to build a rocket to go to the moon. Lorenzo goes back to the garage—but, being Lorenzo, he can't down his imagination. The result? Another invention—and adventure. M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

MA PERKINS Spencer Grayson, pleased when he learns he is the hero of the story by Tom Wells which has just been published, makes a mistake when he advertises the fact. For Tom's story of a Polish girl and an American airman puts the American in so bad a light that Fay and her friends just can't believe it was Spencer. What will happen to Fay's engagement? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Sunday, correct in her suspicion that Sheila Grant is interfering to prevent Ronald Carson from marrying Lynn Merrick, wonders how she can keep Sheila from meddling without making the situation worse. She gets into serious trouble when she tries to help the girl, and is really shocked to discover Sheila is the sister of Lord Henry's farm hand. M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Sadie Mercer, after a somewhat checquered past as Gil's girl friend, is a reformed character now, and has settled down as the wife of a fine young man, and they have been assisted by the Youngs to settle happily in Elmdale. Suddenly Sadie's past menaces her. Can she protect her new happiness? M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

PERRY MASON The sinister Marcel comes to the forefront in the attempt to get Dorrie away from May Grant when he succeeds in kidnapping both of them and evading all Perry's efforts at rescue. However, a clue given to Perry by Lillian Morrison sends him on his way toward solving the mystery of May Grant's importance. Will this mean May's death at Marcel's hands? M-F, 2:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

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It's not a simple job to raise a healthy, happy baby. When baby is cranky and irritable you fret and worry—and then you can't do a good job. But if you can have expert advice, available at all times, you know what to do and you eliminate worry.

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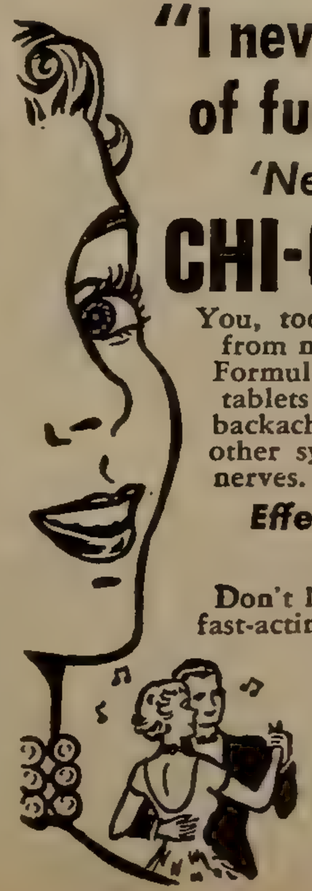

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Daytime diary

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Governor Miles Nelson does not realize that he is jeopardizing his political career and his personal happiness when he creates a situation in which powerful Annette Thorpe is to work hand in hand with his wife, Carolyn, as his confidential aides while he is conserving his strength for an operation. However, Annette has plans of her own. M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE As Jocelyn and Dr. Jim Brent approach closer to the truth, Conrad Overton's efforts to avoid exposure become increasingly desperate. He is being forced into one criminal act after another in order to cover up his original crime of appropriating money that was not his own. What will happen when Augusta Creel manages to make contact with Jim and Jocelyn? M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Hadley Butler, Molly Lou's uncle, plans to sue for custody of the child movie star so he can capitalize on her success. But Gil Whitney forces Butler to admit he engineered the fake marriage between Gil and Molly Lou's mother. With Butler's signed confession, Gil hopes he and Helen can forget the past. But the paper is stolen. M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

ROSEMARY As the State continues to build its case against Bill Roberts for the murder of Blanche Weatherby, Rosemary wracks her brain for ways to help her husband. But nobody knows the secret of those few crucial moments before the fatal shot was fired, and circumstantial evidence makes Bill's case look hopeless. Rosemary is not surprised when Bill's nerves crack. M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON Terry Burton has been content with her life as housewife and mother in Dickston, and for the past few years has not seen herself in the role of a career girl. But the designing talent which she ceased to exercise when she married Stan is suddenly called upon by a Broadway producer. What problems will this raise in her marriage? M-F, 2 P.M. EST, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS Mrs. Grosvenor's dislike for Stella flares up once again, and in the resultant quarrel she forbids Stella to come to her house. However, Stella's life is enlivened by the establishment of a new night club. She becomes interested in the club's singer, a young girl in love with a detective. As for Mrs. Grosvenor, a titled Englishman comes into her life. M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

STRANGE ROMANCE OF EVELYN WINTERS Over the objections of her guardian, Gary Bennet, Evelyn Winters continues to be friendly with Bruce Holliday. At Bruce's instigation, Evelyn is attempting to befriend Julie Evans, a young girl he claims he wants to help. Flying back from the opening of Gary's play in Boston, Bruce's plane crashes. All are safe —except Julie. M-F, 11 A.M. EST, ABC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Nora Drake enters a crucial period in her life as she tries to overcome the stigma of having been forced to resign from Page Memorial, and at the same time to resolve her relationship with Dr. Robert Sergeant. It is no longer Robert's divorced wife who stands between them, but his daughter, Grace. Will they be forced to part? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

WENDY WARREN For a time, Wendy sets aside her personal disappointment to befriend the unhappy Roseanna, the girl whose secret marriage to Mark Douglas has just been revealed in time to keep Wendy and Mark from marrying. Mark, his memory clouded, is not certain what part Roseanna played during his recent mission overseas. Is the sad-eyed girl really friendless? M-F, 12 Noon EST, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Fortunately, few women are in the position of Joan Davis, who finds herself, a mature wife and mother, forced to fight her own mother to keep her family happiness intact. The interfering Mrs. Field, after many years of looking down on Joan's husband Harry, has suddenly decided to take over the management of his life. M-F, 11:15 A.M. EST, ABC.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE When Dave Elliot finally accepts the house that his wife's parents offer as a wedding gift, is his marriage to Sandy Carter getting off to a poor start? The Carters think Dave has made too much fuss about having the house given to them, but Sandy, on the other hand, may be making too little of Dave's tremendous need for independence. M-F, 4:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Like many another mature man who has unwittingly engaged the affections of a young girl. Dr. Jerry Malone does not take Mary Browne's confession of love too seriously. He tries to encourage Ernest Horton to continue paying his attentions to Mary. But Jerry is a very lonely man. Has he underestimated the danger of Mary's feelings? M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Trying to prove to her fiance, Dr. Anthony Loring, that his sister Victoria is about to throw herself away on the unworthy Cornelius Drake, Ellen almost loses Anthony's love, for her effort to help Victoria only intensifies Victoria's enmity toward her. However, the older woman, instead of fighting their marriage, is now trying to speed it. M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

THIS IS MY LIFE

(*Continued from page* 38) it is the bathroom, with two washbowls and a double dressing room. There's a snack kitchen, too, where they—with the help of their nurse—get their own breakfast. Alice and Phyllis are responsible for washing dishes and for keeping their room tidy.

Phil is that natural phenomenon, a born cook. A great deal of our entertaining is spur-of-the-moment which calls for good food that can be cooked and served in short order. That's where Phil shines. Take his favorite "Spaghetti Burro" for instance. It's always a favorite whether we're alone or have company. To make it, start with a package of Italian spaghettini—that's the long, very thin kind, and no other spaghetti is half so good for this particular dish. Phil cooks the spaghettini in lots of boiling, salted water till tender—better on the undercooked, rather than the overcooked side. Meanwhile, melt a quarter-pound of butter and add tabasco sauce and minced parsley—be guided by your own taste. Drain spaghettini in a colander, rinse briefly in cold water and put it in your serving dish. Now pour the tabasco-butter-parsley mixture over it and top with a sprinkling of Italian grated cheese—again, to taste. Toss it all together and call the people to come and get it!

correction

The August issue of RADIO-TV MIRROR *carried a feature on the CBS-TV program, Kid Gloves. Inadvertently, a mistake was made in the name of the program's referee and instructor who is Frank Goodman, pictured above. Mr. Goodman is the former National Amateur Lightweight Champion. Kid Gloves, a program designed to teach youngsters self-reliance as well as self-defense, is seen at 6:30 P.M. EST, every Saturday afternoon, CBS-TV stations.*

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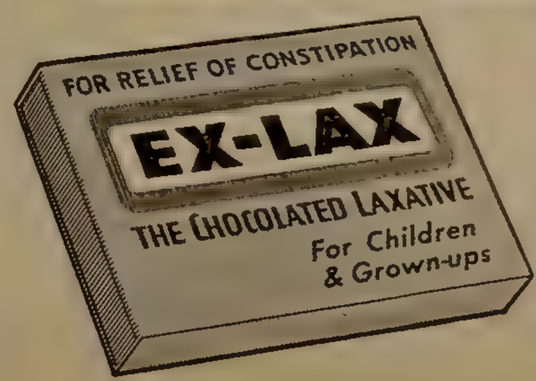

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Radio Television Mirror Bonus novel

Road of Life is heard M-F at 3:15 P.M. EST over NBC stations. The sponsor is Crisco.

DR. JIM BRENT, bending to tie his shoelaces, paused and listened alertly. Then he sighed and resumed dressing. He'd imagined the sound; Janie was already asleep, and Mrs. Anderson was sitting downstairs like a dragon waiting to catch him in any attempt to wake the child up to say good night. She'd been packed off early tonight with a sniffle . . . and it was lonely, this way.

Besides, it gave him too much leisure for thinking. Thinking was bad; once a decision was made you should never review it—not the next day, anyway. What did Francie call it—"chewing your cud." Apt, like so many of her rather startling approaches to the English language. Chewing and chewing over facts that had already been chewed to threads. Couldn't you conduct your personal life in the same clean-cut way as your professional career? In the hospital, a decision was sharp, final. Very well, his decision about Jocelyn must be that way too—sharp and final.

But—what did he want to happen? If there were a wish to be granted him, what would he wish

to a Dream

Jim Brent was determined to be sensible—to walk out of Jocelyn's life—and Sybil was the woman to help him do it

***Frank Dana** (Lyle Sudrow) is a good friend of Jim's. It is at his house that Jim meets Sybil Overton, who is anxious to help him forget Jocelyn.*

***Maggie Dana** (Helen Lewis) was once in love with Jim, herself. Now she is determined to see that he marries the right woman.*

***Hugh Overton** (Douglass Parkhirst) is irresponsible and selfish, but he is also much younger than Jim—much nearer Jocelyn's age.*

for? For Jocelyn to be older? Himself younger? That was nonsense. Younger, he wouldn't be Dr. James Brent of Wheelock Hospital; he might not have Janie . . . or his memories. But perhaps if a good fairy came along and added six or seven years to Jocelyn's twenty-two . . . His face in the mirror looked particularly long and hard and unyouthful, tonight. What was the use of arguing, as his daughter-in-law Francie had argued last night, that he wasn't an old man? He wasn't, in years; but his face looked—well, lived-in, like a rumpled living room. You didn't have to count the gap between him and Jocelyn in years. You could count it in experience, memories, just plain wear and tear. He had become a bit of a recluse. He'd liked it. He had his work, Janie, his small familiar circle. . . .

He'd had them, till Jocelyn McLeod came to Merrimac.

Despite Mrs. Anderson, he peered into Janie's room before going downstairs. No need to touch her; her breathing told him she was thoroughly asleep. He chuckled, remembering how outraged she had been when he told her she snored. She hadn't believed him; she never would, probably, until some disinterested third party was around to back him up. A wife, for instance. Jocelyn, for instance . . . she trusted Jocelyn implicitly. Had, from the first meeting.

Oh, this wouldn't do! He'd have to rein his fancies in or it just wouldn't work. As he got into his car and turned it toward the parkway section of town where he was picking Jocelyn up at her uncle's elaborate home, he rehearsed once again the resolution that he'd made the night before. No matter what

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his family thought, what his good friends thought, Jocelyn wasn't for him. Not in that way. If he'd taken her out, if he hadn't been able to resist her piquant face and the spirit that matched it so amazingly—that was his error. He hadn't conceived it possible that she would become . . . interested. He had done his best, the last time they had dinner together, to act the dignified, older man . . . to set the relationship firmly on a basis of unemotional, no-nonsense friendship. His mouth tightened. Her cousin Hugh would owe him a vote of thanks for leaving the field clear. He might give it to him, too—just to make himself more disagreeable than he was by nature, the brat!

In spite of himself, a springtime kind of excitement rose within Jim as he turned into Jocelyn's street and saw the moth-like figure waiting on the Overton veranda.

BEFORE he could get out, Jocelyn ran down the steps and let herself into the car. The house door opened briefly and shut as they started off, and Jim caught a glimpse of Hugh Overton and someone else, a woman's figure . . . just a fragmentary glimpse, for his eyes were too full of the vision of Jocelyn, hair and dress flying backward, running toward him.

"Sorry I'm late," he said, proud that he could make his voice so casual-sounding. That was one benefit conferred by age and experience—you needn't wear your heart on your sleeve, unless you wished to! "Janie was a bit under the weather, so I hung around a while." She was immediately anxious, so he added reassuringly, "Not serious. Just a sniffle."

"Oh, that." She relaxed, and the warm half-smile came back to her lips. He wondered if she knew that she wore this smile whenever they were together. "I know. I picked her up at school and walked home with her." He felt her eyes on him briefly. "I was—I was lonesome. And I'm not supposed to break in on you during hospital hours, except when I'm being a patient. You made me promise . . ." She hesitated. "It was an anniversary today, you know. Two months in town. Two months since—"

He was grateful to the rickety jalopy that cut suddenly across their path and ended her sentence in a gasp. Two months since their meeting . . . she might as well have said it aloud.

Jim's heart thudded in panic. Was she going to force an issue—bring it all out into the open? Oh, darling Jocelyn, he thought, can you believe I look forward to not seeing you? The words were almost on his lips, but he fought them back, said lightly, "Lots of my patients still talk to me after I've cured them. You may find you like being . . . being friends."

"Perhaps." To his relief, she showed a flicker of mischief. "I realize I'm terribly young and you're terribly old, so I must take your word for lots of things. Anyway, Janie and I will still be friends. That's something I can count on."

Jim didn't answer. He was busy controlling the sensation of having just been drawn back from the edge of a precipice. Another moment, and he would have been over, the damage done. Presently Jocelyn began to ask questions about the Danas, to whose homecoming party they were going. "Oh, and I forgot—another piece of news for the social column," she added. "Sybil's back. She got in this afternoon. Cousin Sybil. How I used to wonder about her, when I was still in Samoa—what she'd look like, her clothes, her romantic flings . . ." She sighed. "She really is beautiful. Unhappy, though. Imagine anyone not being delirious over having spent all that time in Europe! London, Paris, the Riviera . . . all that magic."

"But not magic for Sybil, apparently?"

"No. What a waste, Jim. She might as well have stayed right here. She said she didn't like Merrimac either. People seem to carry their own blinders around with them, like horses, don't they? Instead of seeing what's true, they only see what they want to see."

He glanced at her reflection in the windshield. She looked innocently at ease, the faint smile lingering, but surely there had been something in her words that had no bearing on cousin Sybil? Jocelyn was strange, sometimes. Sometimes she made him feel like a thick-witted boy.

IT WAS A good party. You could tell that from the sound, the unmistakable pitch of music and laughter and talk as the door opened. The only disturbing note was struck by Frank, who greeted Jocelyn by saying, "Well—rumor hasn't lied; she *is* beautiful!" Jim thought grimly, Why doesn't he use a bludgeon? He couldn't make it plainer that he's heard talk about us. But it seemed to give Jocelyn pleasure, and after a few minutes his own stiffness vanished. It made him happy to be in a room where she was, where whenever he chose he could reach out a hand and draw her to his side, or meet her eyes across the smoke and chatter, and smile.

Moving from group to group, he worked his way toward the corner where she and Frank were talking away. He had just managed to edge into the space she made beside her when the commotion occurred at the door. Just a faint break in the warm hum, but enough to make heads turn and eyebrows go up. Frank excused himself and hurried through the room to Maggie, who seemed momentarily frozen at the door. Then they moved aside, and two people came in. He heard Jocelyn's gasp. She turned a startled face to him.

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"It's—it seems to be Hugh! Jim, he didn't say he was coming." She flushed brightly. "Sybil too! Oh, *Jim!* Before I left they were kidding each other about not having been invited! Do you suppose they just *came?*"

"Looks that way." Jim tried to keep the annoyance out of his voice. It was the Overtons, all right, Hugh with that arrogant, faintly sneering expression that made you want to—Jim's hand clenched on the edge of the coffee table. And that must be Sybil. Her pose was superb, all right. He'd check with Maggie just for fun, but it was obvious enough they had simply crashed the party. A couple of spoiled brats, making their own rules! Jocelyn would be embarrassed for them—they wouldn't have the sense or grace to be embarrassed themselves.

DEFTLY, Frank and Maggie took charge, smoothing over the entrance of the Overtons so that only a few shrewd souls realized they hadn't been expected. They weren't entitled to courtesy, Jim thought angrily; but one's instinct would always be to offer courtesy to any guest—he knew he would have done the same. It didn't prevent him from glaring at Hugh when the young man spotted him and Jocelyn and bore down on them.

"How grateful you must be to have things stirred up a bit," Hugh said without apology. "Evening, Brent. You look angry, Jocelyn. Surely you don't mean it!" He made a slight gesture with his head toward the rest of the room. "Aren't you delighted to see a little young blood? What've you folks been doing, playing whist?"

Jocelyn's lips parted, but before she could speak Jim stood up abruptly. Every time he came face to face with young Overton his blood pressure rose, but this time he might find an outlet in violent action if he didn't get away. Better leave Jocelyn to Hugh for now than to embarrass her further by punching him in the nose as he richly deserved. With a muttered excuse, he made his way out to the cool, starlit porch and leaned against the rail. His fingers, moving mechanically, found and filled his pipe. *Young blood* . . . that sneering whippersnapper! And yet wasn't it true . . . wasn't it just what he'd been trying to tell himself for weeks now? Jocelyn ought to be with her contemporaries. Probably she and Hugh had much in common that he wouldn't even understand. I'm glad they came, he thought. I was slipping again. Another minute and I'd have been holding her hand and forgetting to watch my eyes.

There was a low chuckle behind him. He knew somehow that the voice was Sybil Overton's even before he turned. It was cool and a little bit tired; it matched her. "I've been looking for you," she said. "My curiosity is shameless. Ever since I got back to town I've heard about nothing but the great Dr. Brent. May we just introduce ourselves, since nobody seems anxious to do it for us?"

Jim studied her in silence for a moment, and she bore the scrutiny coolly, with a smile of complete self-confidence. She would probably be disconcerted if she knew he was registering, and recognizing, her type. Seeing her from a distance, inside, he had been fairly sure of it . . .

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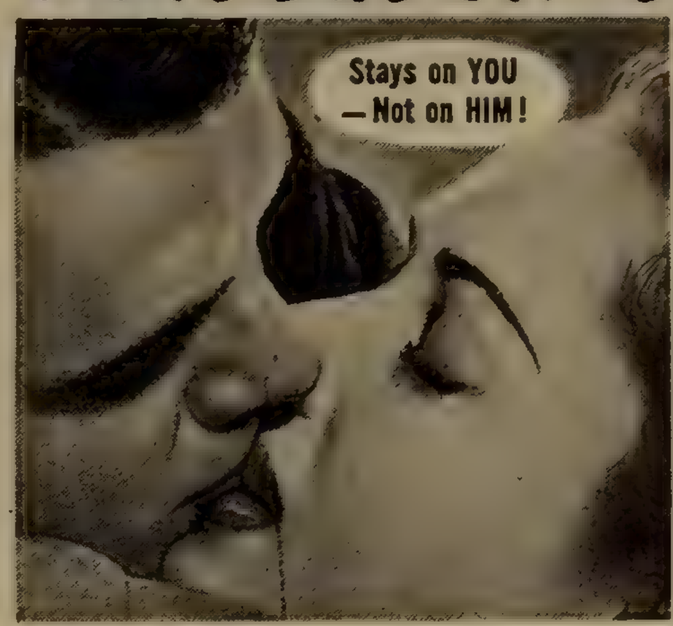

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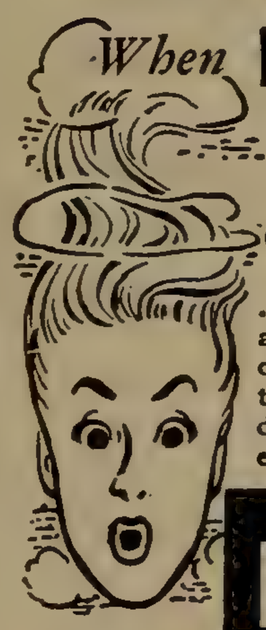

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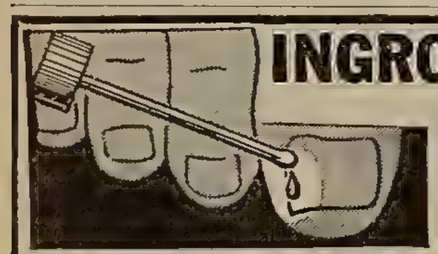

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spoiled by indulgence as a child, spoiled by admiration as a woman, as certain of her charm as she was of the size of her shoe or the color of her eyes.

He said finally, "Perhaps we've already been introduced by long-distance. I've had a thumbnail sketch of you—"

"And I of you! How busy dear little Jocelyn has been, hasn't she!" Her soft laughter took any suspicion of malice from the words. "Shall I tell you what I know? You're frighteningly eminent in your work; you're a widower; you've got an inexplicably grown-up step-son and a luscious, red-headed daughter-in-law, which by the way I don't understand—"

"Simple. I adopted Butch when I was only about fifteen years older than he. He'd been abandoned, you see." Jim grinned in the half-light, grinned at himself. Show a man a pretty woman, and he went to work in spite of himself to capture her attention. He could have sidestepped all that about Butch.

"I SEE. That is, I don't see at all, as you must very well realize . . ." They laughed together, and Jim thought, "This girl can't have known what she was doing, coming here uninvited." Hugh, yes; Hugh was both crude and arrogant. But his sister wasn't that. Selfish, possibly, and what used to be called a man-hunter, but never crude.

He didn't know how closely Sybil was watching him from beneath her silver-gilt lashes, how accurately gauging his progress from coldness to a surprised impulse toward friendliness. At just the right moment she said softly, "Perhaps I ought to wait for a more promising occasion to get acquainted. I gather Hugh and I aren't exactly the belles of this ball. I should have known better than to believe anything he tells me."

Jim's last suspicion fell away. "I'm terribly sorry," he said. "You don't mind if I say your young brother ought to be gently boiled in oil, do you? I don't intend to do it, I just like to think about it now and then."

Sybil smiled up at him. "Perhaps we can do it together one day. I always did find him exasperating . . . Of course now I've been away so long I can't afford to cut even a brother!" A note of real concern threaded her voice. "This town seems so alien . . . I can't say why."

"Have you been away long?"

"Oh, ages." She fingered Maggie's thick wisteria, flicked it impatiently. A breeze stirred the vine and Sybil's hair, and Jim realized what a long time they'd been out there. He shouldn't have left Jocelyn so long. And yet at once the bitterness that had driven him from her side swept over him again. *Young blood* . . . She was all right with Hugh in there, dancing his clownish attendance! Jocelyn found him bearable. Maybe he's a relief, Jim thought, after my elderly dignity.

Sybil said softly, "I wonder—would it be too much trouble for you to take me home? The Danas have been beautifully polite, but it's a bit awkward. . . ."

Jim was taken by surprise. Involuntarily he glanced through the window, and Sybil, reading his thought, said, "Oh, Hugh can take Jocelyn when they're ready. That's what he came for, really—in fact I thought he said she was expecting him.

Jim was almost grateful to Sybil for coupling Hugh and Jocelyn in that way. It made it easier to refuel his bitterness, easier to tell himself, Why not? That's what I've planned, isn't it—treating her so casually that nobody will dare suggest we're anything but friends? This was casual, all right, walking out on the girl you'd brought to a party and taking another one home. But he'd go in and ask first, make sure Hugh would be on tap. . . .

He thought Jocelyn appeared a little stunned. She said quickly, "But I'm ready to go, Jim, if you—"

"No, please stay. It's barely eleven. The party's just beginning. There are still lots of people you haven't met. I'll just take my old bones home to bed if you're sure Hugh—"

"Don't give it a thought. I can see myself home in a pinch, you know." Her dark eyes moved to Sybil, who was saying goodbye to Maggie as graciously as though her coming hadn't almost been the end of the party. "Just one thing, Jim, to keep me from losing my temper—stop talking about yourself that way, will you? It's—irritating. You're not an old man—and I'm not a child." She looked at him broodingly for a moment. "It's so *maddening* for you to keep trying to fool yourself, let alone me."

Feeling completely foolish, Jim got his goodbyes said and managed to leave without any further mishap, but while he was driving toward the Overton house it might have been Jocelyn beside him instead of Sybil, for he couldn't get that outburst out of his mind. It takes a child to be so direct, he told himself ruefully. Like Janie. Well, not a child, granted that Jocelyn was mature for her young years; but someone close to the honesty of childhood. He felt a sudden distaste for the girl beside him, chatting brightly in her best social manner, in an effort to attach his interest and admiration. Charming Sybil might be, but she was as devious as— unbidden, a quick vision of his dead wife came to mind. Carol, beautiful and selfish, with the kind of charm that adapted itself swiftly to whomever she was with, but without any real feeling for anyone in the world, even her child.

WHEN HE said good night to Sybil and drove away, he felt as though he had rid himself of a burden. He went straight home, looked in on Janie, said good night to Mrs. Anderson, and with the discipline born of long practice he fell directly asleep. But not before the thought crossed his mind that in spite of his not really liking Sybil Overton, he was going to see her again. Reasons . . . there were certainly reasons . . .

One of the reasons, though Jim didn't phrase it consciously, was that Sybil had made up her mind to see more of *him*. In a small place like Merrimac, where virtually all one's activities were public property, it was somewhat difficult to evade a lady whose pursuit, though not crudely obvious, was nevertheless gently persistent. Besides, Jim didn't want to evade her, because she fitted in so well with his plans for Jocelyn. If he took Sybil out, how could there be anything serious between him and Jocelyn?

Sybil made it easy. She called a few

days after the party and explained that she had been forced to buy two tickets to a charity concert. "Blackmailed," she said gaily. "Literally blackmailed. And I don't know another soul I can ask . . ."

That was the beginning. Sybil continued to make it easy. A couple of times she drove her father over to Wheelock on business, just happening to bump into Jim in the corridor around lunchtime. The second time, she glanced around the quiet Holland House and remarked a trifle discontentedly that Merrimac was the only town she knew of that hadn't developed some exciting dining places over the years. So Jim, picking up his cue, told her about Nino's, and their next meeting was for dinner at the beautiful old house which had been transformed during Sybil's absence into an elegant rendezvous.

It was pleasant, going out that way with Sybil, conscious of her head-turning glamour and her unmistakable air of belonging in this sort of elegance. But it gave him a twinge for Carol had had it, too—the secret of making an entrance into a room.

Memory darkened the evening, and made him so absent-minded that he almost called Sybil by Carol's name. Then remorse followed and made him over-anxious to be nice to her. It was quite unfair to identify her with Carol. Carol had been deceitful and hard and unloving and actually not very intelligent. And she was dead. Sybil was very much alive, and he had no reason in the world to hurt her.

"Besides," he told himself wryly. "If I didn't enjoy being with her I wouldn't be here, no matter what I tell myself about using her to take my mind off Jocelyn . . ."

He was ashamed suddenly, and wondered how he had avoided the feeling up to now. A fine one he, to question Sybil's sincerity! How about his own? Was it honest, to take Sybil out only because he wanted, too much, to take Jocelyn out instead?

It was the shame, and the resulting desire to make up to her for the wrong she didn't know about, that made him agree to her proposal for the next Saturday. She wanted to go to an amusement park with Janie. Over his uneasy evasions, she insisted she would enjoy it more than anything, and after a while he gave in.

Janie was dazzled when he told her, but there was a forced quality in her delight that didn't escape her father. Humming around him like a busy hornet while he shaved, she buzzed with questions. "Does she really want me to go, Miss Overton? She looks so old, Daddy. Won't I bore her?"

"What do you mean, old? She's—well, I don't know exactly, but she's what one would call a very young woman."

"She's older than Jocelyn, though."

Inwardly Jim groaned. You too, he thought. You too, darling. It's Jocelyn you really want, and we can't have her!

Coming home from the hospital that afternoon, he had quite a turn when a slim, feminine figure rose from the steps beside Janie and waved. Sunlight, glinting on silver-gilt hair, told him immediately that it was Sybil. For barely a second he'd started forward, thinking it must be Jocelyn . . . He hurried forward anyway. Sybil seemed to be getting a sort of backhand benefit from his feeling for Jocelyn—the

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more he feared his impulse toward Jocelyn, the more cordial he always was to Sybil.

"You've interrupted a very fast game," Sybil said gaily as he bent to kiss Janie. "Janie's been showing me all over again how to play jacks. If you'll give us a minute, I'm overs—I think—"

"Yes, you are," Janie said. Jim glanced at her quickly, aware of a slight uncertainty behind her friendliness. She came close and twined her hand in his. "Miss Overton came over specially—"

"Darling—remember? You're to call me Sybil."

"Sybil," Janie said obediently, but Jim felt her fingers flutter. "She came to see me, didn't you?"

Sybil, sweeping the jackstones together, didn't look up. "I did indeed. I've been telling your father for the longest time how anxious I was to get to know you. Especially if we're going to spend such an exciting day together on Saturday. Aren't you just thrilled about it?"

JIM RESTRAINED a movement of annoyance. Sybil really didn't know how to talk to a child. Children retreated from that sort of thing just as a sensible grown-up would; they didn't trust it. Well—if she really did like Janie, she'd learn to be casual and matter-of-fact with her. But did she?

Sybil rose, settling her pleated skirt over her slim hips. "I've got an errand for Daddy in the neighborhood, and I'm late now. If the Brents would be kind enough to walk me to the gate—?"

"The Brents will be delighted," Jim said. His house, on the hospital grounds, was a fair distance from the main gate, and he was disturbed that Janie was silent all during the walk. Sybil chatted gaily, but made no effort to bring Janie into the conversation. In fact, Jim couldn't help noting, she seemed to have forgotten Janie was there.

As they were saying goodbye, Francis Brent turned in at the gate, and Janie ran to her and gave her an exaggerated hug. "Well, thank *you*, Janie," Francie said, rather breathless. "I don't know what I've done to deserve it, but I like it. How are you, Miss Overton? Jim . . . I've brought you something special to take the place of Mrs. Anderson's pie for dessert tonight."

"Great—what is it?" Jim asked, and Janie squealed, "Oh—let me look, Aunt Francie!"

"One of my pies. You've never tasted anything like it."

Sybil laughed. "Lucky you've got the dispensary handy. Plenty of bicarbonate of soda. Well, I'm off. Good evening, everybody." She touched Jim's hand. "See you Saturday." She didn't say anything to Janie.

Francie looked after her before turning to link arms with Jim. "It's a funny thing," she said musingly. "If anyone else had said that I'd have taken it as a joke—kind of a crummy joke, but—you know—well-meant. But from that one . . ." she shook her head.

Jim rested a hand on Janie's smooth hair. He said absently, "Yes, I know what you mean." It wasn't at all what he had meant to say. Francie at once burst out, "Well, for heaven's sake, Jim, if you feel that way about her what's this great passion between you? Golly, the whole town's talking."

They reached the house and Francie halted, looked at him searchingly. Jim grinned. "You're the one who wanted me to have some fun, remember? Have some social life; take out some nice girl; don't get old before your time. Sound familiar? So I'm doing it."

"But it's the wrong *girl!*" Francie moaned. "Oh, Jim, how can you be so thick? Can't you see Jocelyn's eating her heart out over you?"

Jim stiffened. "Jocelyn's heart is only twenty-odd years old. It'll grow back, and she'll be better off."

"So that's it," Francie breathed. "So that's it. Well, may I be caught in a revolving door if I'm not almost as dumb as you, not to have realized. Jim, I love you tremendously, but you are one of the world's most impossible, stubborn, blind—"

Jim bent and kissed her cheek. "Good night, dear. See you tomorrow." He turned her around and gave her a gentle spank to start her on her way.

But it was not quite so easy to dismiss his own thoughts. It was strange, this curious attitude he had toward Sybil; he wanted to like her, sometimes he did like her. But at bottom . . . he didn't. Like Janie, he didn't feel safe with her.

He was ashamed of himself, but he was almost glad on Saturday when their plans were disrupted. With great excitement, at least on Sybil's part, with much flurry and laughter, they had gotten themselves over to the amusement park, and they were just buying Janie's first ride on the roller coaster when a tremendous braying voice over the public-address system paged Dr. Jim Brent. Jim, who had been doing his best to stimulate enjoyment, felt his heart rise disgracefully. "That probably means a hospital emergency," he said. "I've got to go to the pavilion. Wait here—I'll let you know what's up."

Sybil reached out and collared Janie as though she were a difficult puppy. Under her clutch, Janie stood stiff, turning her eyes up to her father without expression. She wanted to writhe away, but she was too polite. Politer than Sybil, Jim thought fleetingly as he hurried away.

WHEN HE came back in a few moments, they were still standing the same way, Sybil with a discontented look he had never seen before. "It's worse than I thought," he said swiftly. "A couple of buses crashed on the turnpike—they're calling in all the doctors they can reach." He hesitated. "Mrs. Anderson's off today. I wonder if you could just go ahead, Sybil—if it's not asking too much? Spend the afternoon as we planned, here, and then if you wouldn't mind taking Janie back home. I'll make some arrangement for the evening if I can't get away."

"Here? You mean—go on the rides and everything?" Sybil looked confused.

"Well, use your own judgement," Jim said a bit impatiently.

Sybil pulled herself together. "We'll be fine, won't we, Janie? Don't worry, Jim, really, I'll be all right."

Jim suppressed a desire to retort that it was Janie, not Sybil, he was worried about. "See you tonight then, darling. Be nice to Miss—to Sybil. Don't give her a hard time."

"No," Janie said in a subdued voice. "If she'll just let go of my *neck*, Daddy—"

Sybil's hand dropped. "I'm sorry. Jim, you go ahead. Phone your house if you can, and let me know what's up? Don't work too hard," she called after him. And Jim, rushing for a taxi, thought again that in spite of her sophistication, Sybil had a genius for saying the wrong thing in the wrong way—wrong for him, anyway. People in pain and grim danger were waiting for his help, and she told him not to work too hard!

That was the last leisure he had for the problem of Sybil and himself . . . for all problems personally in that sense. For it was then, when he shot from his taxi through the doors of Emergency, that the horror began.

THE STAFF worked in shifts as they brought the victims in. Jim worked longer than most. As he tired he pushed his energy up another notch. You couldn't let go. You were the only ones who could help—you and Butch beside you, and the others, the nurses, the aides . . . But finally, at about six-thirty, he found that instead of walking down the corridor he was weaving toward the wall. He leaned there, pushing back his cap, drawing deep breaths until the vertigo passed. Too long on his feet! If he went past the fatigue point he'd be a handicap, not an asset. Then, as his brain relaxed, he suddenly remembered Janie. After six—he should call! He made his way to his office and asked the operator to get his home.

Sybil might have found a book for Janie, if she had any sense. That would mean they'd be in the living room, three steps from the phone in the hall. It rang . . . rang . . . rang . . . Then unexpectedly, Janie answered.

"Daddy! Are you all right? Oh, Daddy, we heard on the radio—isn't it terrible? Is it awful for you, Daddy? Will—"

"Never mind me, darling. Are you all right?"

"Oh . . . pretty much. I'm out of breath from running down the stairs. I was almost in my bath."

"At this hour?" Jim checked his watch again. "How come? You that tired, baby?"

"Oh, *no!* I was going to wait up for you like always, when you have to go back to the hospital—you know, so you can talk to me—but she said I'd better take myself off to bed, so—"

"Let me speak to Sybil, darling, and then you come back."

There was a silence.

"She's not here," Janie said, very small-voiced. "She—she said she was going out for cigarettes."

Jim's hand tightened on the phone. He waited a few seconds for calmness. "She left you alone to go out for cigarettes?"

"Yes, she—she said she'd be back right away, and it was all right to leave a big girl my age for just a second or two." Janie's voice suddenly scaled upward into panic fright. "But, Daddy, I'm scared! It'll be dark soon, and she's been gone twenty minutes already. I looked at my clock. Oh, Daddy, I didn't mean to upset you, but I'm scared! The stairs look so dark now—"

Dampness, born of sheer fury than of Janie's fright, stood out on Jim's fore-

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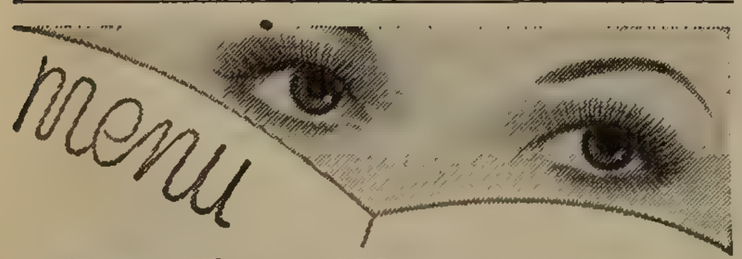

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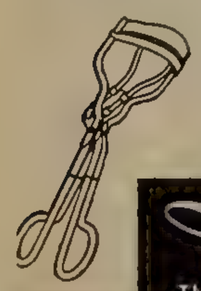

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head. With an effort he said quietly, "Sit tight, baby. I'll get Aunt Francie over there in less than a minute. You stay right by the phone, or go out on the porch if you want to, and wait for her."

There was no answer. "Janie, may I ring off now so I can call Aunt Francie?" he asked anxiously.

He heard the sigh she drew. "I'm looking up the stairs," she said. "They're not so dark. Listen, you know, Daddy, I didn't go on the roller coaster today, and that makes me lose my bet with Stanley. Remember I told you he bet me a nickel I wouldn't have the gu— the nerve to go on the roller coaster? Well, I didn't because she wouldn't let me, so if I went up the stairs now and took my bath don't you think it would count for the bet? It's twice as scarey," she finished with a quaver.

IMPATIENCE made Jim's voice shaky. "Just be very careful in your bath, sweetheart, and I think it would be extremely brave of you to do it. Just leave the door open so Aunt Francie can get in. All right to say goodbye now?"

"Goodbye, Daddy," she said, her voice thin as though she were already heading for the stairs before she lost her courage. His throat was tight with pity as he swiftly dialed Butch's number. Thank heaven —Francie was there! In a few words he told her the situation, and was endlessly grateful that she didn't waste time on her opinion of Sybil. She said grimly, "I'll fly. And I'll have a word with you later!" she couldn't resist adding as she hung up.

From then on, time telescoped. Anger had pumped new energy through Jim; he went back to Emergency and worked again for—he never knew how long. Ten minutes, maybe fifteen—not very long, because it was barely dark when he suddenly saw Butch before him, very white-faced, with hand outstretched to keep him from hurrying by. "Dad—"

The wail of a siren, muffled by the hospital walls but still frightening, drowned Butch's voice.

"Oh, Lord, not another!" Jim said hopelessly.

"Dad, listen—that's—it's a fire. Listen, are you braced? There's no time to take it slowly. It's your house, Dad—come on!"

"But it's impossible! I talked to—" Jim turned to stone. "Janie. Janie! Butch—did they get her out? She was there just before I talked to Francie. Oh, God, Butch —she was going upstairs!"

Butch's hand clenched over his. "Run, Dad—don't talk! She'll be all right!"

They ran, panting, the breath bursting in their throats. Quicker to run than to wait for the ambulance behind them. It was only a short distance, after all—so short a distance between safety and danger . . .

In a moment they saw it, smoke, flare of flame, crowd, the nightmare shadow and light of disaster. "Janie!" Jim cried, propelling himself forward, through the silent onlookers. He heard the dreadful crackle of wood under the fire's lashing tongue, his own cry—"Did you get my girl out?"

A hand grasped his, and he knew without looking that it was Jocelyn's. "Jim, you'll have to help her," she said urgently. "They'll get her out, darling, but you'll have to help her."

He gripped the hand, and slowly his head cleared. They hadn't gotten Janie out. His eyes raked the apparatus, already playing on the first floor. Janie—he peered upward. He heard the thin wail as she saw him—"Daddy, come get me! Come get me! I'm here in my room. The stairs are on fire!"

"Janie, sit tight, my darling," he called. Then he saw her, tiny against the window-screen, pressing her whole body against it as though she were about to—the words tore from him, "Janie, get back! Don't! We'll come get you in a minute, darling. Just keep calm!"

"I'm going to jump," she screamed. "Catch me, Daddy!" She was wrenching at the screen, beginning to raise it. A horrified "No, wait!" went up from the crowd.

"They can't get me—nobody can get me. She couldn't get me! The stairs are on fire!" Jim started for the front stairs, but authoritative hands pulled him back. The fire chief muttered, "Listen, Dr. Brent, we're okay if nobody loses his head. You can't get up those stairs, they're gone but that means the fire won't spread up too fast. The boys'll have the net for the kid in a minute. Just don't let her panic, that's your job. Get back to the window, sing, talk, anything—don't let her jump!"

Jim ran, Jocelyn beside him, to stand beneath the window again. Every instinct impelled him to fight the restraining hands, run in and get her. She was his child—what did they know? Who could counsel away that drumming, breath-stopping fear —the fear of one minute's delay, one false step? Jocelyn's hand tightened, and again he grasped it and hung on until the panic subsided. She was talking to Janie, calmly, even casually, and after a moment he was able to talk himself. But the child was terrified, beyond influencing . . . Even an adult would have been, he realized.

"JIM, SHE'S going to jump," Jocelyn whispered. "Oh, what can we—Janie! Darling, sit tight! They're coming now with the net! Listen—sing with me." Her voice, trembling but steady as she went on, rose in the nonsense song she and Janie had practiced. *"A capital ship for an ocean trip was the walloping Window Blind . . . !"*

Blessedly, Janie's voice took up the tune. Thank heaven for Jocelyn! Who else would have had the courage, right then, the self-control, to sing? But it was no good. Horrified, he saw out of the tail of his eye the men running toward the window, and at the same instant Janie got the screen up and shrieked, "Daddy, catch me!" He plunged forward, and it was as if a giant hand flung him to the ground. Blackness then . . .

Jocelyn's voice against his ear roused him. "You caught her. You broke the fall!" He felt warmth on his forehead, on his lips. She was kissing him with tear-wet lips. "You saved her. She's all right. Oh, dearest, wake up, she's all right!"

None of it straightened out till afterward, after he knew Janie was all right. Except for a broken ankle, and the shock that couldn't as yet, be measured . . . Then he could think again, seek some pattern in the glare and hiss of the memory of that night. It was there, simple and shock-

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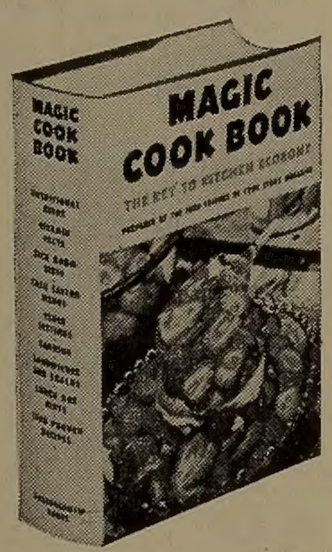

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ing. He remembered vividly how, as he and Jocelyn, with Butch and Francie behind them, were getting into the ambulance, Sybil's distorted face had appeared before him. It hung like a gargoyle in the darkness, to him something not human. He had to clench his hands to keep them away from it—she sobbed something, and was pulled away. Then there was nothing but Janie, the operating room, the waiting . . . the relief, with Jocelyn to share it. Only then did his incredulous bitterness against Sybil begin to find words. He could tell he was frightening Jocelyn, but he had to get it said. Get it over with. Otherwise, if he didn't clear his mind of the overwhelmingly venomous desire for revenge, he might really do some harm to her . . .

"But Sybil's being there couldn't have prevented the fire," Jocelyn said helplessly, after a while. "Of course, she really shouldn't have left her alone like that—"

"Left her for almost three-quarters of an hour, to go and buy cigarettes. Had to go to two places to find her brand," Jim said tonelessly. "What kind of a woman can she be?"

BUTCH came out of Janie's room and closed the door softly. "Sleeping now; she'll do fine," he said. His lips tightened. "I heard what you were saying. Cigarettes! If that were all! It's the rest I can't forgive—the stairs, the cheap, rotten cowardice that would leave a child there—"

Slumped in his chair, Jim stared at the white walls through half-closed eyes. Odd . . . if Sybil had kept quiet, it wouldn't have been so bad for her. But some fissure in her character, some flaw, had cracked wide open under shock and strain. She had forced people to listen, had buttonholed them, interfering with the fire-fighting until someone had come and taken her away . . . She had insisted on repeating her hysterical tale of stepping into the front hall into a mass of flames. And the stairway had been gone already, she insisted shrilly. She had tried, she had tried desperately, but she couldn't get up to Janie . . . Whereas the truth was that the staircase, through some freak, was still standing. Now that the live flames were out, though the rest of the place was a shambles, they told Jim the staircase could still be seen. So it couldn't have been down. Sybil had been so frightened, she had simply turned and run, leaving Janie crying terrified after her—*Come help me, please come get me!*

Jim's eyes closed, and once again he felt Jocelyn's hand over his. With a tremendous feeling of peace, of haven, he returned the clasp. His conscience couldn't fight now, he was too exhausted. And besides . . . besides, it had to be faced. Faced now, or later. It wasn't just a girl in her twenties who looked at him with love in her eyes, who had kissed him with warm salty lips as he lay on the ground. It was Jocelyn, and time and years and experience and all the cautious little inches he had tried to put between them had fallen away. She was Jocelyn, and she had been his strength . . . And she would be his love. Almost asleep, he smiled and brought their clasped hands up to his face. She had known it all along. But he would tell her, as soon as he woke up.

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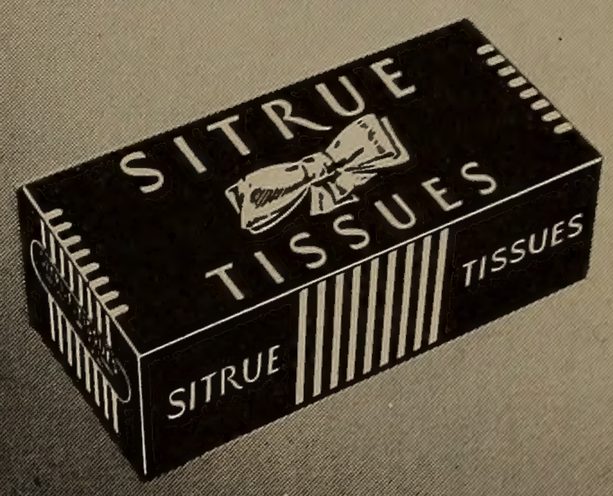

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